

SONGS

OF

FREE GRACE

BY

D. B. TOWNER.

F-46.111

T.6623

BRANSTON & STOWE,
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

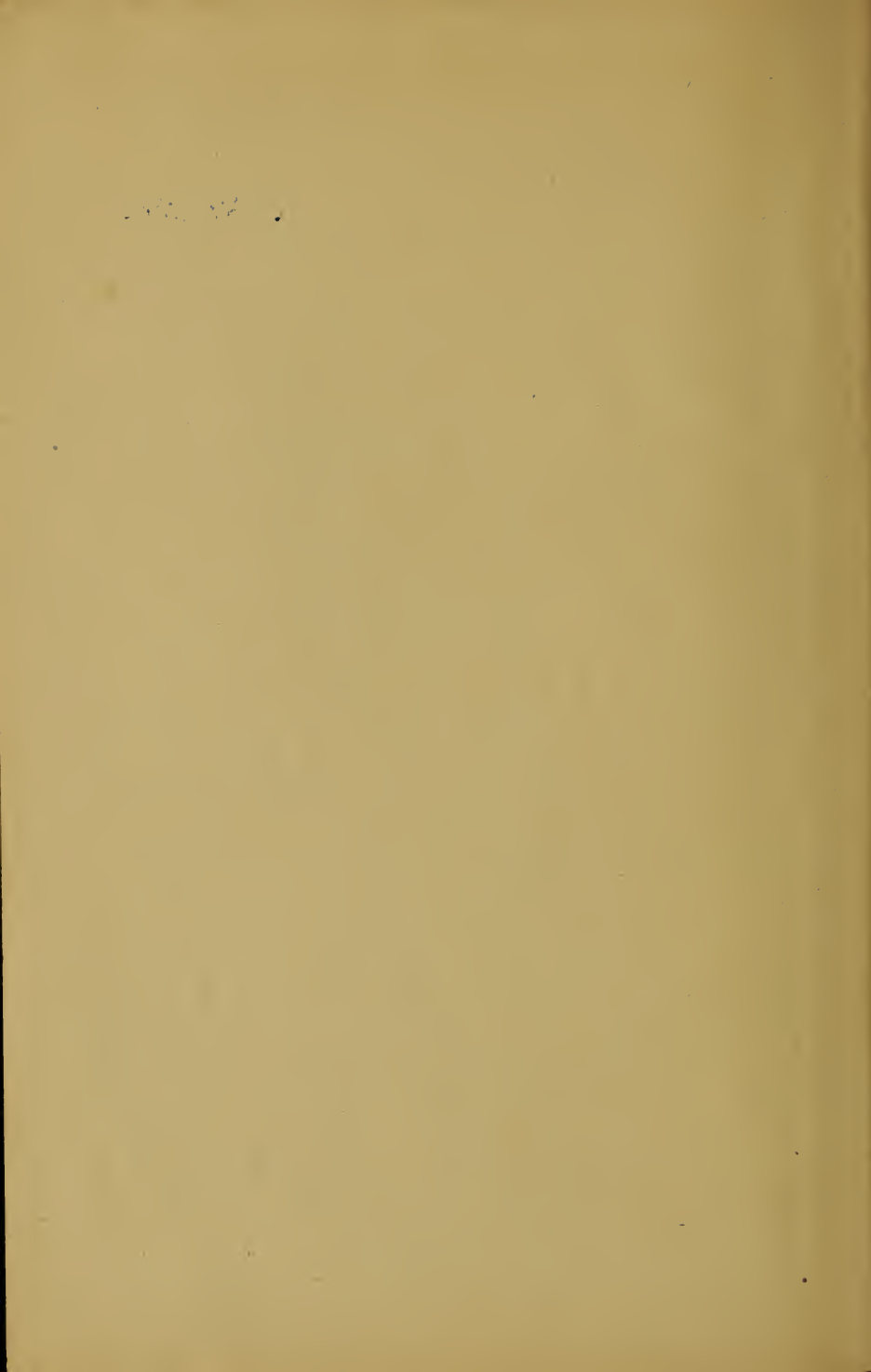
Division

SCC

Section

5279

Famiae Almae Dioni
A. Episcopus Cyprianus
Sacerdos



LIBRARY OF PRINCE
OCT 14 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SONGS

OF

FREE GRACE

"Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all."

BY

D. B. TOWNER.

CRANSTON & STOWE,
CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

PREFACE.



“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

“As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.”

“Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come.”

AMEN.

SONGS OF FREE GRACE.

No. 1.

FREE GRACE.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER. "Without money and without price."—Isaiah 55: 1. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Herald the tidings to every soul, Wave on wave let the echo roll ;
2. Sing of the wonderful grace, FREE GRACE, Given to all of our ruined race ;
3. Go, tell the story, so grandly true, Praise the Lamb who was slain for you ;

Strong and gladly the chorus swell, The story, grand, of FREE GRACE tell.
Shout the story a - far and near, That every burdened soul may hear.
Shout aloud of the FREE GRACE giv'n, That you and I may dwell in heav'n.

CHORUS.

FREE GRACE, FREE GRACE, Ech - o the cry to a ruin - ed race.

FREE GRACE, FREE GRACE, Shout, shout the sto-ry of grace, FREE GRACE.

Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 2.

SALVATION IS NEAR.

Dr. L. W. MUNHALL.

Matt. 11: 28-30.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O wea - ry, sin - sick soul, Why do - you doubt and fear?
 2. The Sav - ior bids you come, Hear ye his wel - come voice;
 3. Re - joice that he is King, Most mer - ci - ful and true;

The lov - ing lamb of God ex - tol, There is sal - va - tion near.
 He now is fit - ting up your home; Oh, mourning soul, re - joice.
 Lift up your voice and glad - ly sing, For there is life for you.

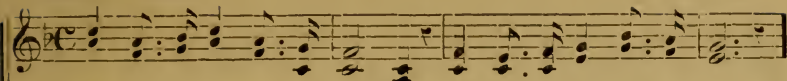
Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, There is sal - va - tion near;
 Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, O mourn - ing soul, re - joice;
 Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Yes, there is life for you;

The lov - ing lamb of God ex - tol, There is sal - va - tion near.
 He now is fit - ting up your home, Oh, mourning soul, re - joice.
 Lift up your voice and glad - ly sing, For there is life for you.

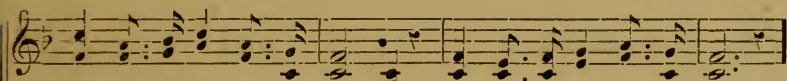
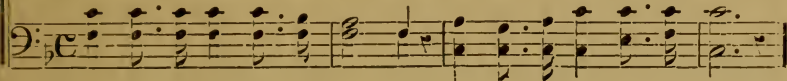
"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

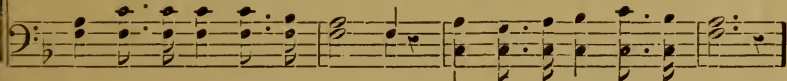
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



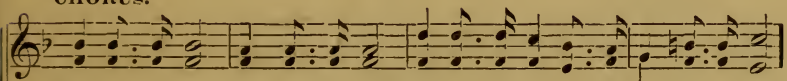
1. Come with thy sins to the foun-tain, come with thy burden of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the foun-tain, Je - sus is waiting for thee;
3. These are the words of the Savior; They who re-pent and be - lieve;
4. Come and be healed at the foun-tain, List to the peace-speaking voice:



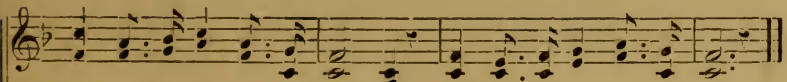
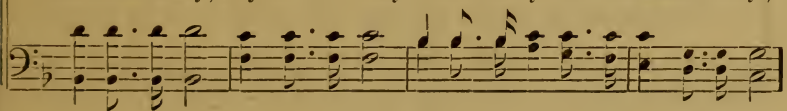
Bu - ry them deep in the wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
 What tho' thy sins are like crimson, White as the snow they shall be.
 They who are willing to trust him, Life at his hand shall receive.
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.



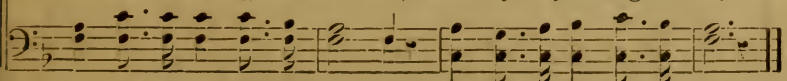
CHORUS.



Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;



Je - sus is waiting to save thee, Mer - cy is pleading to - day.

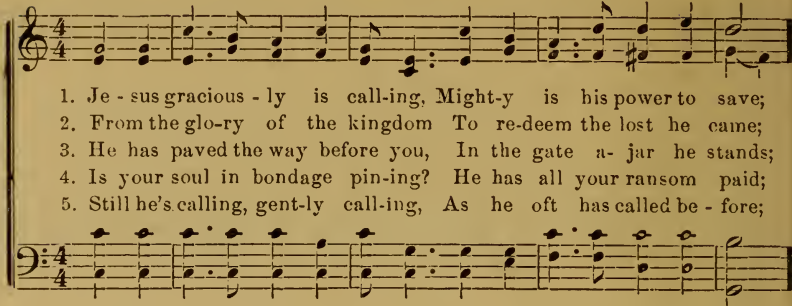


No. 4. ARE YOU COMING TO JESUS NOW?

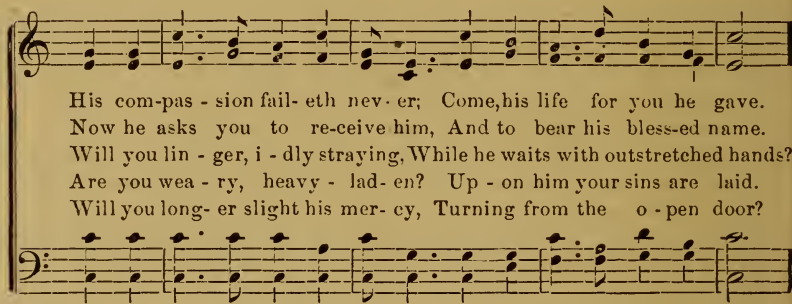
Mrs. C. L. S.

"Behold, now is the accepted time!"—2 Cor. 6: 2.

D. B. TOWNER.

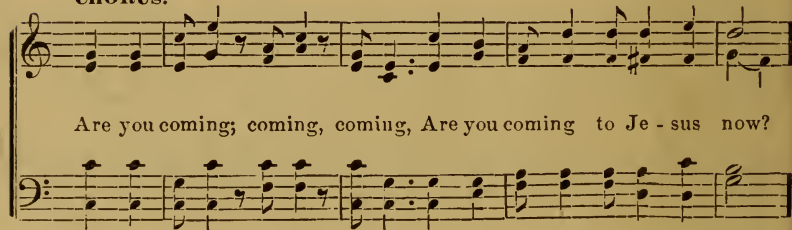


1. Je - sus gracious - ly is call-ing, Might-y is his power to save;
2. From the glo-ry of the kingdom To re-deem the lost he came;
3. He has paved the way before you, In the gate a- jar he stands;
4. Is your soul in bondage pin-ing? He has all your ransom paid;
5. Still he's calling, gent-ly call-ing, As he oft has called be - fore;

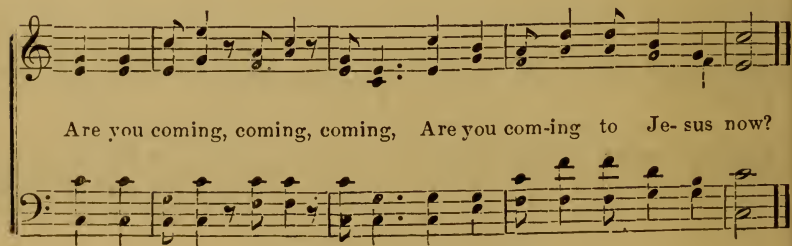


His com-pas - sion fail-eth nev-er; Come, his life for you he gave.
Now he asks you to re-ceive him, And to bear his bless-ed name.
Will you lin - ger, i - dly straying, While he waits with outstretched hands?
Are you wea - ry, heavy - lad - en? Up - on him your sins are laid.
Will you long-er slight his mer- cy, Turning from the o - pen door?

CHORUS.



Are you coming; coming, coming, Are you coming to Je - sus now?



Are you coming, coming, coming, Are you com-ing to Je - sus now?

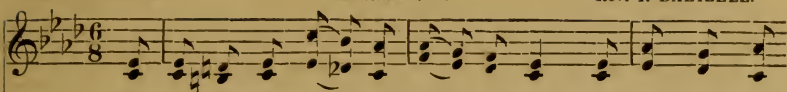
No. 5.

NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

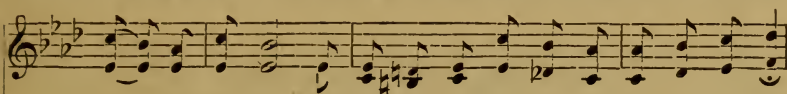
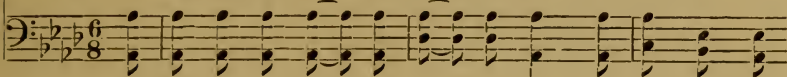
W. O. CUSHING.

Matt. xxv. 10.

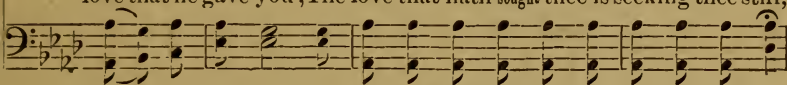
Rev. I. BALTZELL.



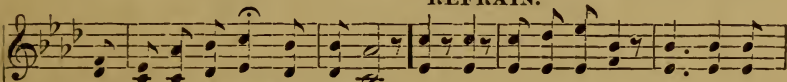
1. How sad it would be if, when thou dost call, All hope-less and
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright sum-mer
3. O haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Re-mem-ber the



un - for-giv - en, The an-gel that stands at the beau-ti-ful gate,
 days all o - ver, To know that the reapers had gathered the grain,
 love that he gave you; The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still,

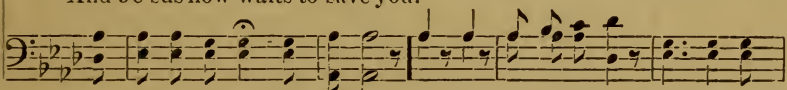


REFRAIN.

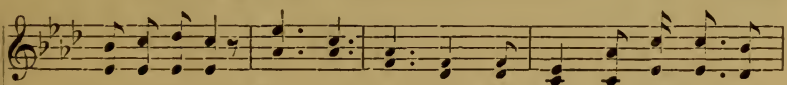


Should answer, No room in heaven!

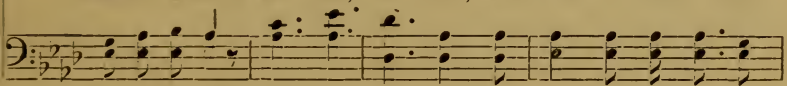
And left thee alone for - ev - er! Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
 And Je-sus now waits to save you.



Cho. for last verse—Room, room, still there is room, O come while

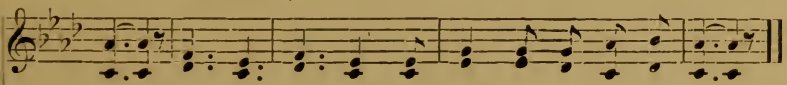


heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heav-en for

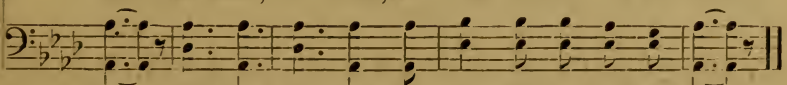


yet there is room; Still room, still room, O come while yet there is

Slow and soft.



thee! No room, no room, No room in heav - en for thee!



room; Still room, still room, O come while yet there is room.

By permission.

No. 6. THE KING WILL BE THERE.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES. "And they shall see his face." Rev. 22:— 4. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's joy in the thought of a raiment of white, With harps that are
 2. I'll work for the Master whatever may come, Will fight 'neath his
 3. Come, brothers, enlist 'neath his banner to-day, Come, share in the

gold - en, and mansions all bright; The songs of the ransomed and
 ban - ner where - ever I roam; His name be con - fess - ing in
 pleas - ures along the high - way; There's none other serv - ice such

ser - a - phim fair, But, oh, what is bet - ter, the King will be there.
 ev - er - y place, And then, in bright glory, I'll gaze on his face.
 rapture will bring, 'Twill lead you at last to the home of our King.

CHORUS.

The King will be there, the King will be there, "The King in his

beauty "will ev - er be there; The child he has ransom'd, his

THE KING WILL BE THERE. Concluded.

glo - ry will share, Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, I'll dwell with him there.

No. 7.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

"Giving glory to God."—Rom. 4: 20.

English Melody.

1. All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus, our Lord, So plenteous in
2. To us he hath giv - en the gift from a - bove—The ear - nest of
3. Ye all may re - ceive who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his

CHORUS.

grace, and so true to his word.
 heav - en, the spir - it of love. Hal - le - lu - jah, Thine the glo - ry,
 spir - it—'tis proffered to all.

Hal - le - lu - jah ! Amen ; Hal - le - lu - jah ! Thine the glo - ry, Revive us again.

No. 8. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

D. B. T., "Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." — Rev. 5: 9. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I weep no more with sad-ness, My tears are wiped a - way ;
2. My life is full of pleas-ure, And bliss with-out al - loy,
3. So on I go re - joic - ing, No foe or cross I fear ;

My grief is turned to glad-ness, My night to end - less day.
Since Je - sus is my treas - ure, My chief, my on - ly joy.
My Sav - ior's blood I'm trust-ing, He is my ref - uge dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, the precious blood of Je-sus, That washed my sins a - way,

Oh, the precious blood of Je-sus, That turned my night to day.

No. 9. SHALL I BE SAVED TO NIGHT?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah xlv: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I believe, he will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if his spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Tender-ly, sadly I hear him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now he will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver his voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi-ty my sorrow, for-give my sin;

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night?

By permission.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

Rev. D. LEE AULTMAN.

D. B. TOWNER.



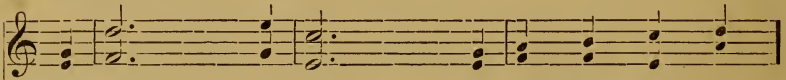
1. The blood that flowed on Cal - va - ry Has reached my sin-stained soul ;
2. O Lamb of God, I'm wholly thine, The con - se - cra - tion's made ;
3. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb, That bought us with his blood ;



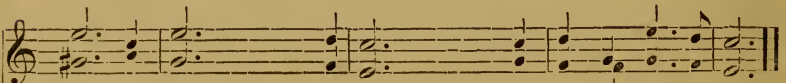
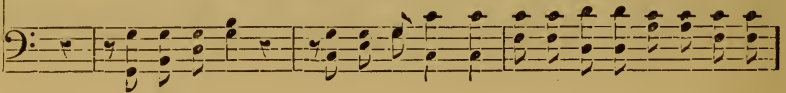
I now re - jice as they re - jice Who are ev - ery whit made whole.
My soul and bod - y, mind and strength, On Je - sus now is stayed.
Our souls are to the ut - most filled With the full - ness of our God.



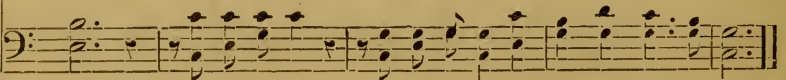
CHORUS.



That pre - cious blood, it cleanseth me from
That precious blood, that precious blood, it cleanseth me, yes cleanseth me from

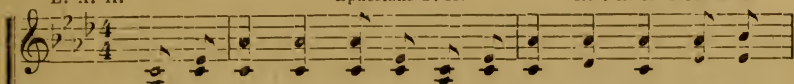


sin, That pre - cious blood, it makes me pure within.
sin, That precious blood, that precious blood,

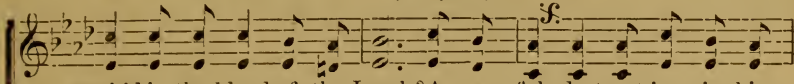


No. 11. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

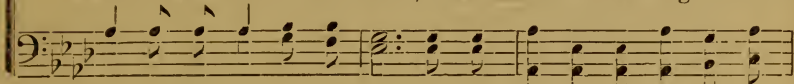
"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."
E. A. H. Ephesians 2: 13. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be



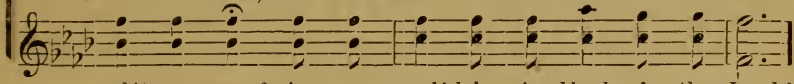
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in his
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow - ing for the



D. S. garments spot - less, are they
Fine.

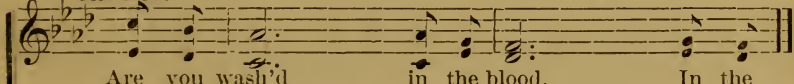


grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
eru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
man - sions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un - clean, O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

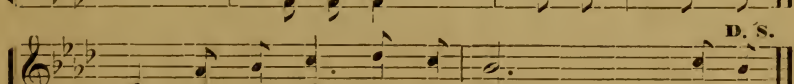
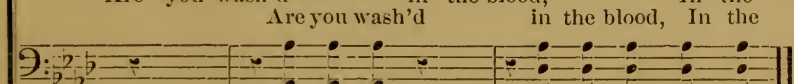


white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

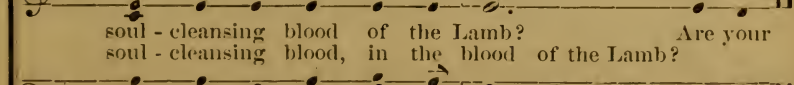
CHORUS.



Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
Are you wash'd in the blood, In the



soul - cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
soul - cleansing blood, in the blood of the Lamb?



By permission.

No. 12. HOW SWEET IT MUST BE TO BE THERE.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Psalms 16:11.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.
Slow.

D. B. TOWNER

1. O land of the purified, home of the blest, Where earth-weary children find
 2. O bean-ti-ful E-den, O ever-green shore, Where dear ones now dwell who have
 3. O land where the tempter can never beguile, Where nothing can en-ter that
 4. I long for a sight of Im-man-uel's face, Whose smile is the light and the

in - fi - nite rest, Where all in the pleasure of heaven may share; How
 passed on before; O who would not sigh for the blessed re-lease That
 e'er will de - file; With toil-ing all o - ver, the burdens laid down, The
 joy of the place; Come, angels, and bear me to re-gions above, For-

CHORUS.

sweet, O how sweet, it must be to be there. O man - sions so
 gives to the wea-ry their heaven of peace?
 cross interchanged for a bean-ti-ful crown.
 ev - er to dwell in the home of his love. O mansions, heavenly mansions, sur-

fair, I long, O I long to be there, To bask in the smile of our
 pass-ing-ly fair.

HOW SWEET IT MUST BE. Concluded.

glo - ri - ous King, How sweet, O how sweet it must be to be there.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 13. HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

Old Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud ;

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His loving kindness, O how great!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His loving kindness, O how good !

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free.
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how great.
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how good.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 14. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eyes: Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome.

CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

1st time. 2d time.

From "Golden Light," by per.

1. O wan-der-er, come, Re-tur to thy home, 'Tis Je-sus that's call-
 1. O turn to him now, & Be-fore him bow, He's wait-ing thy sins
 3. O wan-der er, come, While yet there is room, And mer-cy and par-

ing for thee; Re-sist not his voice, But make him your choice, A won-
 to for-give; No long-er de-lay, But turn while'tis day, To Je-
 don for thee; Come, taste of his love, His mercy 'twill prove, Come, taste,

CHORUS.

der-ful Sav-ior is he. O wan-der-er, come, while yet there is
 sus, the Sav-ior, and live.
 and thy soul shall be free. wanderer, come,

room, . . . Je-sus is call-ing, Come, wanderer, come,
 while there is room, calling you home,

No. 16.

WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. { Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool;
 { Say - ing they will wash to morrow, Waiting at the pool;
 2. { Soul, your filth-y garments wearing, Waitting at the pool;
 { Hearts, your heav-y bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool;
 3. { Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool;
 { Come their voie - es back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool;
 4. { Step in bold - ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool;
 { Je - sus may no more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool;

Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stained garments white,
 Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred
 Back from Ca-naan's hap-py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er,
 Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet - ter land,

Leav - ing you in sor - row's night,
 The wa - ters with his might - y word,
 Where they stand in tears no more, Wait - ing at the
 And no long - er doubting stand,

pool, Waiting, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.

By permission.

"Thou hast done wonderful things."—Isaiah 25: 1.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O wonderful, wonderful story, Be - liev - ers so love to re - peat,
 2. O wonderful, wonderful Savior, O boundless his mercy and love;
 3. O wonderful, wonderful mansions, Dear Jesus has gone to prepare;
 4. O wonderful crowns for the blood-washed, Within the sweet Eden of light;

How Jesus came down from bright Glory, To make our redemp-tion complete.
 To offer trans-gress-ors his fav - or, And crown them his children above.
 Thro'out all bright Glory's expansion, For those that shall dwell with him there.
 And wonderful harps that are golden For those in the raiments of white.

CHORUS.

'Tis a wonderful, wonderful story, The ran-somed repeat it in glory;

He comes to redeem, O rapturous theme, O wonderful, wonderful story.

No. 18.

COME TO JESUS.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation."—Heb. 2:3.

E. E. REXFORD.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Art thou weary with transgressions? Art thou lonesome, sin - sick soul?
 2. Do thy hopes like flowers wither? Till thy soul is sick with dread?
 3. Hast thou wander'd from the pathway, Where thy wayward feet should tread?
 4. Do the friends thou lovest leave thee? Art thou lonesome in the way?

Come to Je - sus; in con - fes - sion, He can make the poor heart whole.
 Come to Je - sus, trusting whol - ly, And thou shalt be com - fort - ed.
 Come to Je - sus, he is wait - ing; Ten - der - ly thou shalt be led.
 Come to Je - sus, he will love thee; He will care for thee al - way.

CHORUS. *Soli.*

CHORUS.

Art thou lonely? Art thou weary? Art thou sick and sore oppressed?

Inst.

mp *Rit.*

Oh, poor sin - ner, Come to Jesus; He will give thee peace and rest!

From "Banner of Victory," by per.

No. 19. 'TIS SWEET TO TALK OF JESUS!

"And they spake unto him the word of the Lord."—Acts 26: 32.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O 'tis sweet to talk of Je - sus, When he makes the sinner whole,
 2. 'Tis a wondrous, wondrous sto - ry, Oft - en told, yet ev - er new;
 3. We will tell the joy - ful sto - ry While we journey here be - low;

When he graciously receives us, And his glo - ry fills the soul.
 When our hearts are full of glo - ry, As his love - li - ness we view.
 Yes, and in our home in glo - ry Sing it as the a - ges go.

CHORUS.

O 'tis sweet, passing sweet, When his love our hearts con - trol,
 O 'tis sweet, pass - ing sweet,

When he graciously receives us, And his glo - ry fills the soul.

No. 20. UNTO THEE WILL I CLING.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. "I will trust in thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I will cling to the cross every hour, While the surges of life
 2. I will come to thy shel-ter-ing side, Where the healing in crim-
 3. On the Rock that is high-er than I I will build while the waves

round me roll, For my Sav - ior shall be my high tower, He the
 son doth flow, I will dwell near the dear Cru-ci - fied, By whose
 round me roll, I will trust in the arm that is nigh, For the

CHORUS.

ref-uge and joy of my soul.
 blood I am made white as snow. Un - to thee will I
 Lord is the strength of my soul.

Un - to thee, un - to

cling, Thou wilt hold this poor heart which I
 thee will I cling,

By permission.

UNTO THEE WILL I CLING. Concluded.

bring; On - ly safe is the
 which I bring; On - ly safe, on - ly
 way, While I trust, while I cling ev - ery day.
 safe is the way,

No. 21. ABIDE WITH ME.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day, Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery passing hour; What but thy

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thy-self, my

fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.
 all a-round I see, O thou who changest not, a-bide with me.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

No. 22.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

“ And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him.”—Matt. 25: 6.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes; Be - hold! he com-eth!
 lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; He quick - ly com-eth!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He sure - ly com-eth!
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he com-eth!

D. S.—Be - hold! he com-eth!

FINE.

be - hold! he com - eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bride - groom comes.
 he quick - ly com - eth! Oh, soul, be read - y when the Bride - groom comes.
 he sure - ly com - eth! We'll go to meet him when the Bride - groom comes.
 lo! now he com - eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride - groom comes.

be - hold! he com - eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bride - groom comes.

CHORUS.

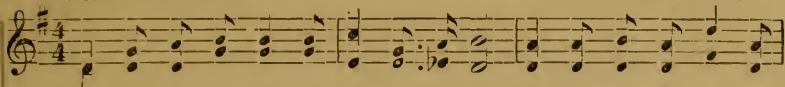
D. S.

Be-hold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
 Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

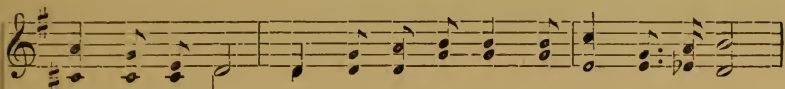
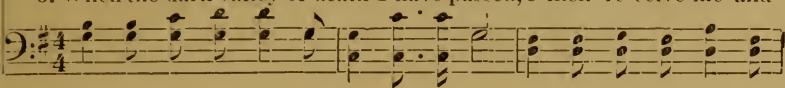
"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." —Matt. 2:10.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

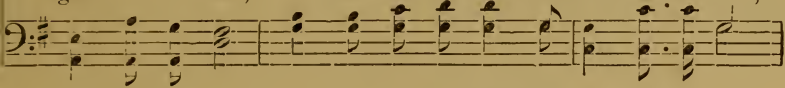
D. B. TOWNER.



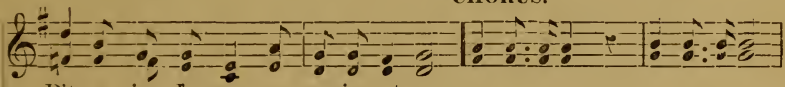
1. Rest of the wea-ry, and hope of the soul, Hearts that are bro - ken by
2. Give me, O Sav - ior, the blessing of peace; I am in bond - age, my
3. When the dark valley of death I have passed, O then re - ceive me and



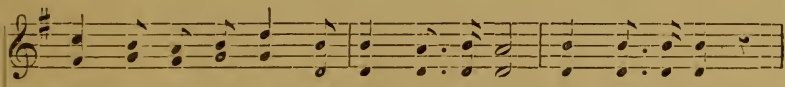
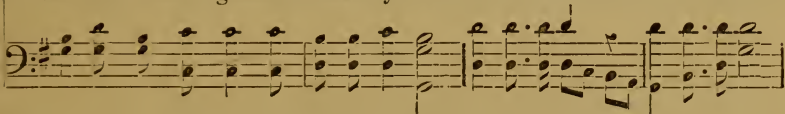
thee are made whole; Thou art my ref - uge, my trust is in thee;
spir - it re - lease; Cleanse me and make me all spotless with - in;
guide me at last, In - to the beau - ti - ful home of the blest,



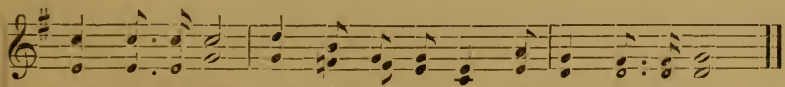
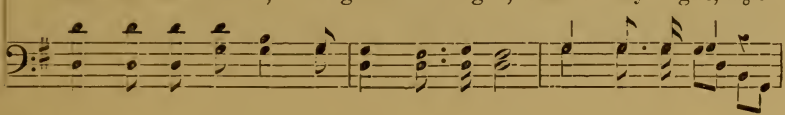
CHORUS.



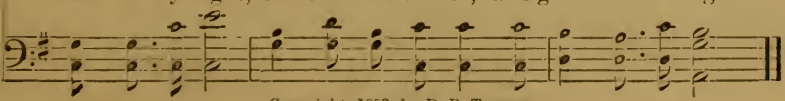
Pit - y - ing Je - sus, com - pas - sion - ate me.
Free me for - ev - er from fet - ters of sin. Star of my night, bright star of my night,
Glo - ri - ous kingdom of heavenly rest.



Shine on me ev - er, and guide me aright, Star of my night, bright



star of my night, Shine on me ev - er, and guide me a - right.



No. 24. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The blessed work with-in, By
 5. And he the witness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That
 6. All hail, a - toning blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace! All

cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 dost my vile-ness full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
 per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven above.
 add - ing grace to wel-come grace. Where reigned the power of sin.
 ev - ery prom - ise is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

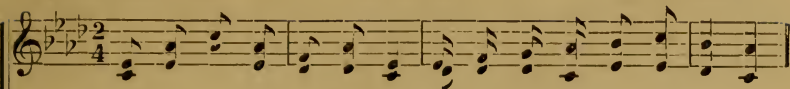
By permission.

No. 25. NOTHING BUT THE LIVING WATER.

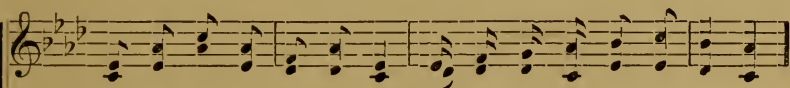
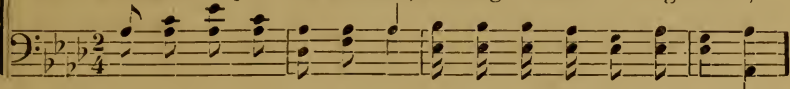
Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

John 4: 14.

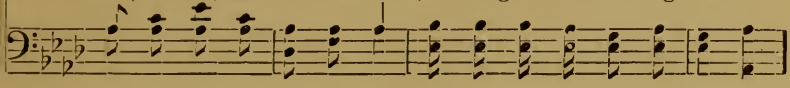
D. B. TOWNER.



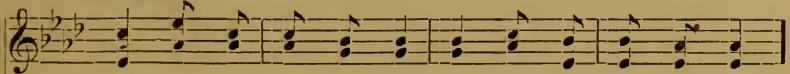
1. What can sweetly fill my soul? Nothing but the liv - ing water;
2. Clear as crystal from the throne, Noth - ing but the liv - ing water;
3. Nothing can so sat - is - fy, Nothing but the liv - ing water;
4. Pure and brimming to the brink, Nothing but the liv - ing water;
5. Come, my brother, and par - take, Nothing but the liv - ing water;
6. Fountain o - pen now for thee, Nothing but the liv - ing water;



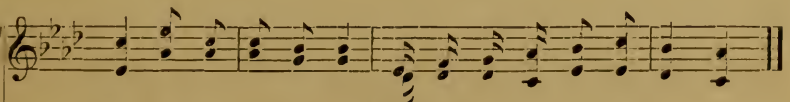
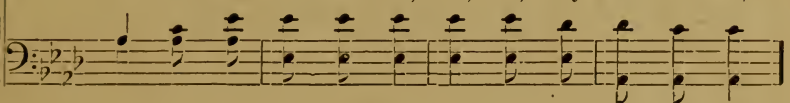
What can all my thirst control? Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.
Sweet - ly fill - ing all his own, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.
On - ly fountain, nev - er dry, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.
Who - so - ev - er will, may drink, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.
Drink, O drink, for Jesus' sake, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.
Come, O come, and drink with me, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.



CHORUS.



O foun - tain full and free, All, all, may drink of thee;



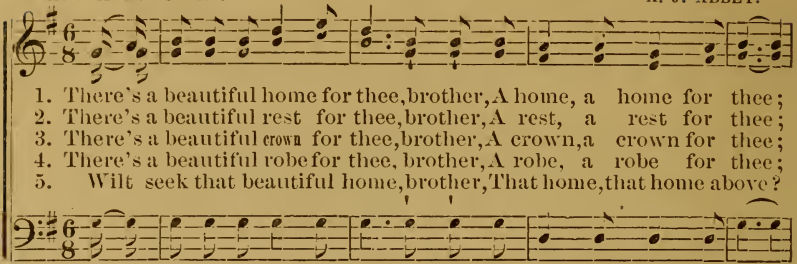
No oth - er fount for me, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.



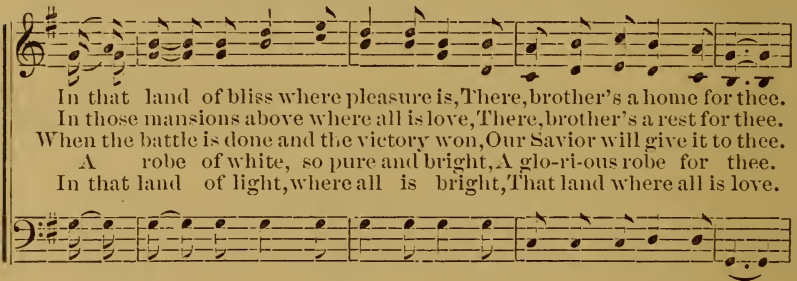
"A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

Miss. K. M. TOPPING.

A. J. ABBEY.



1. There's a beautiful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee;
 2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee;
 3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother, A crown, a crown for thee;
 4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother, A robe, a robe for thee;
 5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother, That home, that home above?

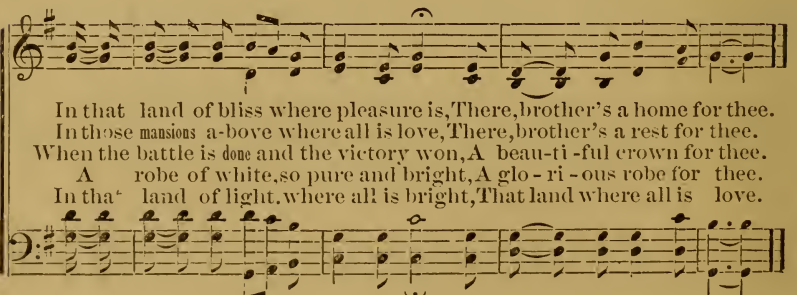


In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee.
 In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother's a rest for thee.
 When the battle is done and the victory won, Our Savior will give it to thee.
 A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glorious robe for thee.
 In that land of light, where all is bright, That land where all is love.

CHORUS.



A beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful home for thee;
 A beau-ti-ful rest for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful rest for thee;
 A beau-ti-ful crown for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful crown for thee;
 A beau-ti-ful robe for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful robe for thee;
 A beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful home for thee;



In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee.
 In those mansions a-bove where all is love, There, brother's a rest for thee.
 When the battle is done and the victory won, A beau-ti-ful crown for thee.
 A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glo-ri-ous robe for thee.
 In that land of light, where all is bright, That land where all is love.

From "Silver Fountain," by per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;

We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 Peace and plen-ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;

We shall press the sands of gold, While be-fore our eyes un-fold
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glory to the Lamb that's slain ;
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture ev - erywhere ;

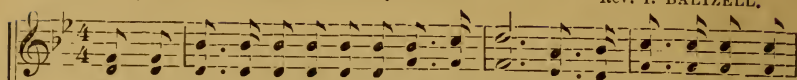
Heaven's splendors, yet un-told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a-gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 28. WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

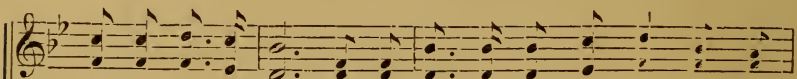
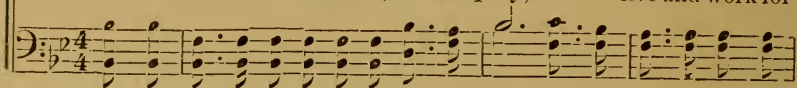
Words adapted.

Col. 1: 3.

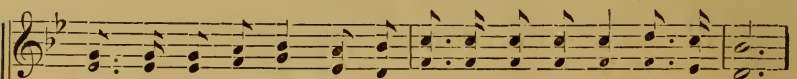
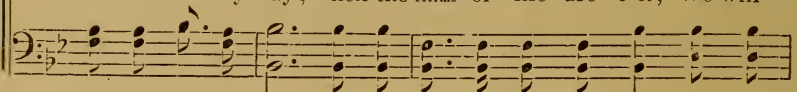
Rev. I. BALTZELL.



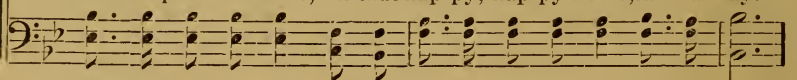
1. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; You are not alone, my
2. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; Though we meet with many
3. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; And by faith and pray'r we'll
4. Then we'll pray for one another, then we'll pray, And we'll live and work for



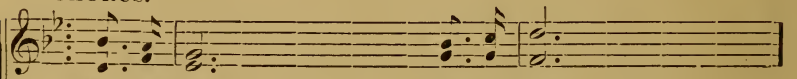
brother, in the way; For the Sav-ior's by your side, And the tri-als on our way; If we sit at Je-sus' feet, When he sure-ly gain the day; Then we'll lay our ar-mor down, And re-Je-sus ev-ery day; When the storms of life are o'er, We will



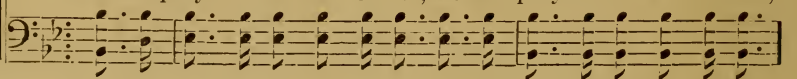
Bi-ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer ev'ry day. comes our souls to greet, We will find his promise sure ev'ry day. ceive a fadeless crown, We'll receive a crown that fades not a-way. meet to part no more, In that hap-py, hap-py home, far a-way.



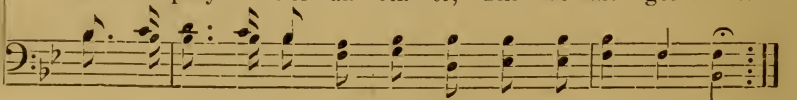
CHORUS.



We will pray, We will pray,
We will pray for one an-oth-er, We will pray for one an-oth-er,



We will pray for one an-oth-er, Till we all get home.

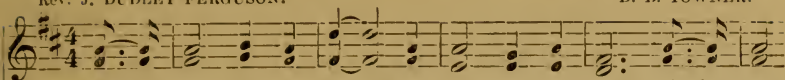


By permission.

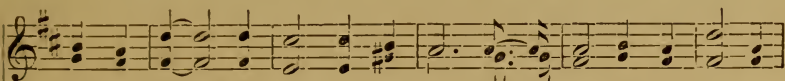
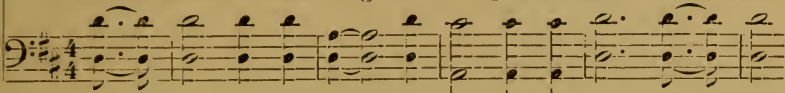
"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Rev. J. DUDLEY FERGUSON.

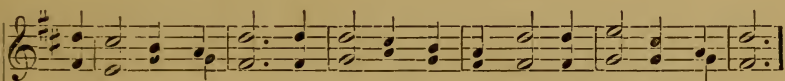
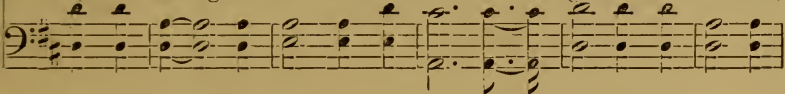
D. B. TOWNER.



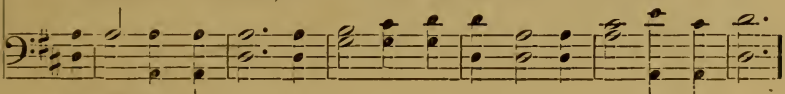
1. O the joy—tell it out, My soul's vic - to - ry; I must raise
 2. In the serv - ice of sin I lost my good name; War without
 3. This fountain of cleans - ing Is o - pen to all Who, seek-



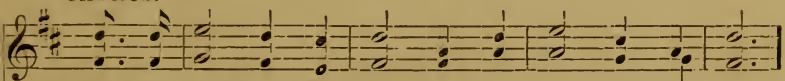
the glad shout, The Lord hath blessed me, He whispered, I love thee,
 and with - in, No guer - don but shame; Then at last, when undone,
 ing the blessing, On Je - sus Christ call. Now go to him, friendless,



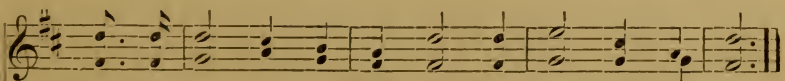
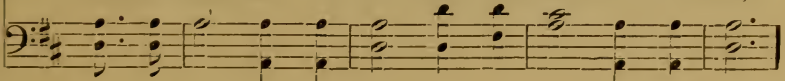
Why keep up the strife? I yield - ed, he gave me The wa - ter of life.
 I ceased the vain strife T' my soul, then from God's Son Came wa - ter of life.
 There's death in the strife, But bliss that is endless Thro' wa - ter of life.



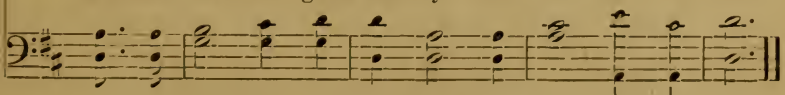
CHORUS.



O the wa - ter of life With sal - va - tion is rife,



And the Sav - ior gives free - ly. This wa - ter of life.



No. 30. WE ARE MARCHING TO OUR HOME.

"Now they desire a better country that is an heavenly."—Heb. II: 16.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. We're bound for the mansions of glo - ry, Prepared in the cit - y of
 2. We think not of toil or of dan - ger, As onward we press to the
 3. Our Fa - ther in heav - en has called us, And lest we should linger or

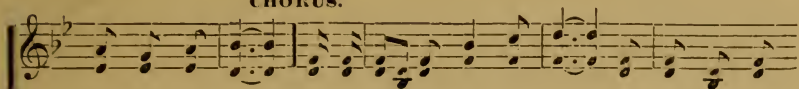
God, For all who have trusted in Je - sus, Who follow the path that he
 go; Our steps are so ten - der - ly guard - ed By Je - sus, the hope of the
 stray, He sent the com - pas - sion - ate Sav - ior, Our guide to the portals of

trod. We go on our jour - ney re - joic - ing, Our Father has bidden us
 soul. We'll rest on the banks of the river That flows thro' the kingdom of
 day; And cleansed in his fountain of mer - cy, Our robes will be whiter than

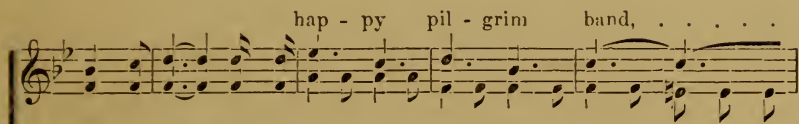
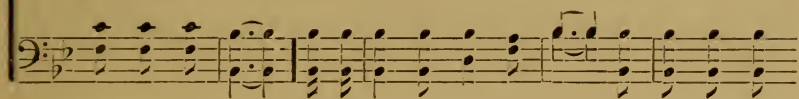
come; We know that the feast is made read - y, We know he will
 peace, We'll join in the song of the an - gels. - The an - them that
 snow; We fol - low the steps of our Lead - er, We're sing - ing his

MARCHING TO OUR HOME. Concluded.

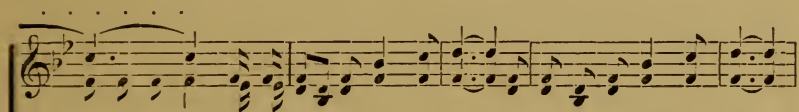
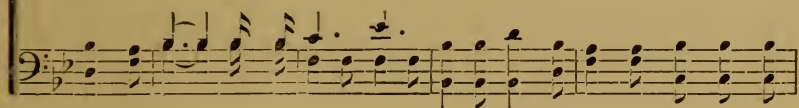
CHORUS.



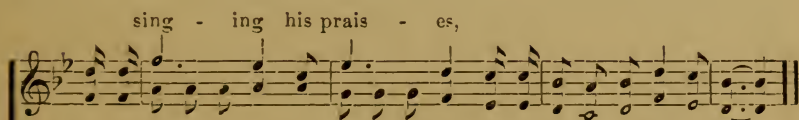
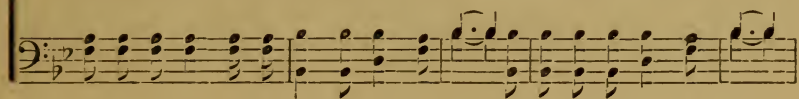
wel-come us home.
nev - er will cease. We are marching to our home, Our beau-ti - ful,
praise as we go.



hap - py pil - grim band,
heav'nly home; We're a happy, happy pilgrim band, We sing his praise as we

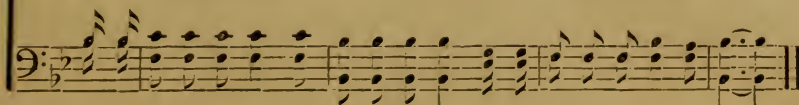


journey a-long. We are marching to our home, Our beautiful, heav'nly home;



sing - ing his prais - es,

We are singing his praise, yes, singing his praise On our way to the better land.



No. 31. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. H. BONAR.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.
We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

By permission.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is

tar-ry so long? Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to
 fur-ther de-lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv-ing with-in? Oh, why not ac-cept his sal-
 pass-ing a-way; Your Sav-ior is long-ing to

give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.
 va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

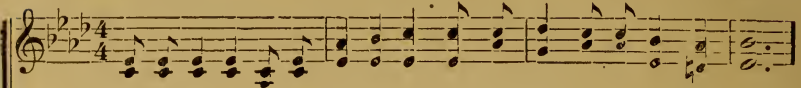
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

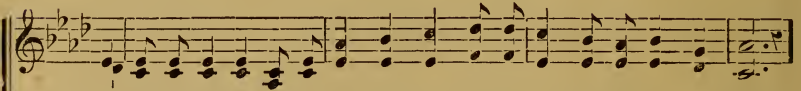
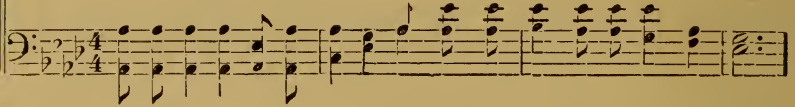
No. 33.

GATHER THEM IN.

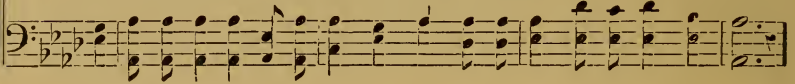
"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14: 23. FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Gather them in, for there yet is room, At the feast that a King has spread;
2. Gather them in, for there yet is room, But our hearts how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in, for there yet is room, 'Tis a message from God above;



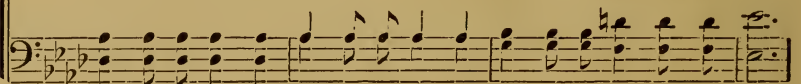
O gather them in, let his house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.
To think of the many who slight the call, That may never be heard again.
O gather them in— to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love.



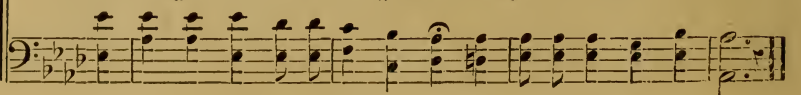
CHORUS.



Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark depths of sin,



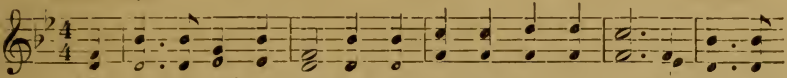
Go forth! go forth with a loving heart, And gather the wand'ers in.



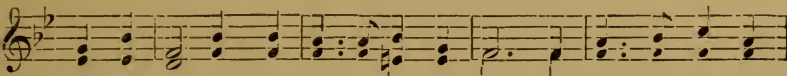
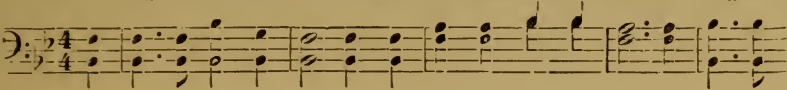
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

Words Arranged.

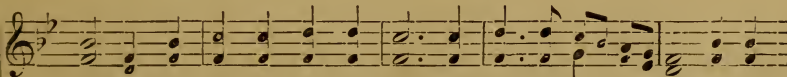
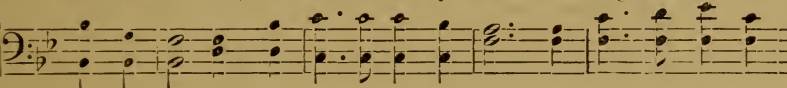
D. B. TOWNER.



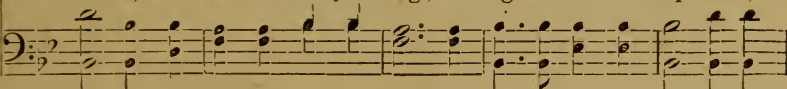
1. My sins were laid on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them
2. I tell my wants to Je-sus, All fullness dwells in him; He healeth
3. I long to be like Je-sus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild; I long to



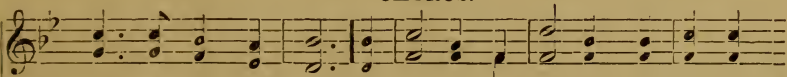
all, and frees, us From the ac-curs-ed load. I bring my guilt to
my dis-eas-es, He doth my soul re-deem. I rest my soul on
be like Je-sus, The Father's ho-ly child. I long to be with



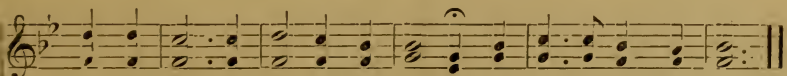
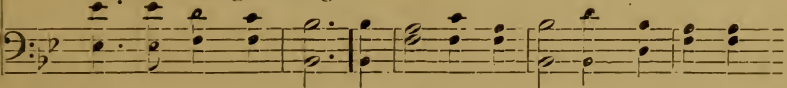
Je-sus, To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till
Je-sus, This wea-ry soul of mine; His lov-ing arm embraces, I on
Je-sus, Amid the heavenly throng; To sing with saints his praises, To



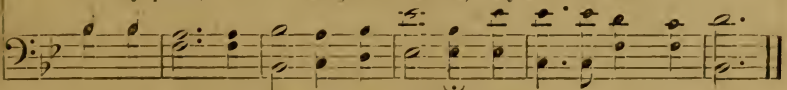
CHORUS.



not a spot re-mains.
his breast re-cline. O Je-sus, dear Je-sus, The sin-ner's
learn the an-gels' song.



on-ly plea; O Je-sus, dear Je-sus, My soul still thirsts for thee.

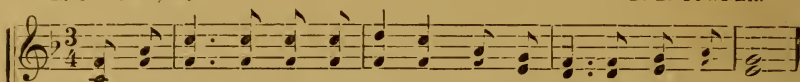


No. 35. WE SHALL MEET OUR FRIENDS DEPARTED.

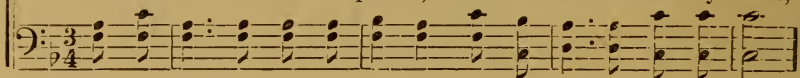
"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Isaiah 27: 12.

E. C. HOWE, M. D.

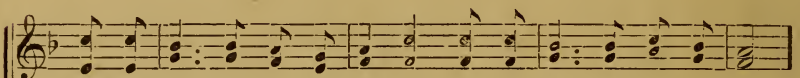
D. B. TOWNER.



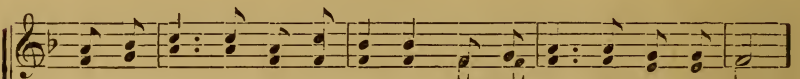
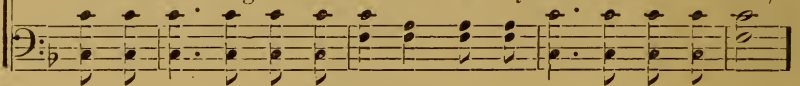
1. We shall meet our friends departed, Though we left them long a - go
2. We shall meet our friends departed Whom the promised land hath won,
3. We shall meet our friends departed, Clothed in robes of heavenly white,



To their lone and dreamless slumbers, In the si - lent dust be - low ;
Shining as the stars of heav - en, Round the ev - er - last - ing throne ;
And with sainted voi - ces greet them In a land of life and light ;



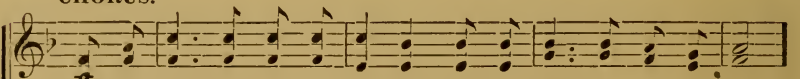
We shall meet them, O how glorious ! When this weary life is o'er,
Onward, ev - ery soul, to du - ty, Scatter wide the shades of gloom,
Lift no voice of grief or sorrow That they mould - er in the dust ;



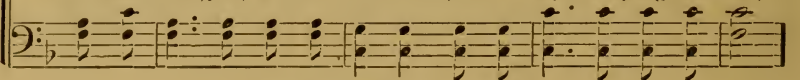
In those bright, celestial re - gions, Blest and happy ev - er - more.
All of life is in the fu - ture, Life is bliss be - yond the tomb.
We shall meet them on the morrow At the ris - ing of the just.



CHORUS.



We shall meet, yes, we shall meet them, when our journeyings are o'er,



WE SHALL MEET OUR FRIENDS. Concluded.

We shall meet them, Halle - lu - jah! On that bright and shining shore.

No. 36. MORE FAITH, O CHRIST, IN THEE.

"By grace ye are saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. More faith in thee, O Christ, More faith in thee; Trust in thy
 2. Faith that will soar a - bove, Fearless and free, Reaching the
 3. Faith that shall comfort me In sorrow's night, Raising from
 4. Now on my long-ing soul Earth's pleasures pall; Day-spring of
 5. Then shall my closing eyes With rap - ture see, Far, far be-

prom-is - es, Give thou to me. This shall be all my plea:
 heights of love, Give thou to me. This still my prayer shall be:
 depths of woe To realms of light. This shall my pleading be:
 joy di-vine, Thou art my all. In - cline thine ear to me,
 yond the skies, Heaven for me. Joy - ous my soul shall be:

More faith, O Christ, in thee, More faith in thee, More faith in thee.
 More faith, O Christ, in thee, More faith in thee, More faith in thee.
 More faith, O Christ, in thee, More faith in thee, More faith in thee.
 More faith, O Christ, in thee, More faith in thee, More faith in thee.
 More faith, O Christ, in thee, More faith in thee, More faith in thee.

No. 37. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—Num. 10: 29.
ANON. Old Melody.—arr.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-ter'd garments clad,
His back was lad - en heav - y, His strength was almost gone,
2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept pressing on - ward, For he was wending home;
3. { The songsters in the ar - bor, That stood be-side the way
His watchword be-ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And stuggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come.
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come.
At - tract - ed his at - ten - tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay:
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of victory I shall wear.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!</p> <p>5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:</p> | <p>They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!</p> <p>6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!</p> |
|--|---|

"A fountain opened for sin."—Zeck. 13: 1

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.

1, Oh, come to the bright crystal fountain, Its wa- ters, though price- less, are
 2. Draw near, tho' thy sins are as scar- let, Their stain it will quick- ly re-
 3. Oh, thou who art thirsty for pardon, And faint with the turmoil and

free; Oh, wea- ry and heav- i - ly lad- en, 'Tis flow- ing with
 move; Draw near to the pit- y - ing Sav- ior, The fountain of
 strife, Now, now is the day of sal- va- tion, Come, drink from the

CHORUS.

mercy for thee. Flow- ing for thee, . . Flow - ing for thee,
 in - fi- nite love. Flow- ing, yes, flow- ing for thee, Evermore flow- ing for thee,
 fountain of life.

The bright crystal fountain of mercy, so free, Is flow - ing for thee. . . .
 is flow- ing for thee.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—Rev. 21: 21.

Mrs. JENNIE F. SNELL.

REV. S. W. SPENCER.

1. We read in the sa-cred tra-di-tions of yore, Of the Beau-ti-ful
 2. Oh, those beautiful gates in the mansions of bliss, Whose walls are of
 3. All hon-or and glo-ry to him who hath wrought, For God's living

Gate on the ev-er-green shore, Where the souls un-to whom we
 jas-per and pale am-e-thyst; On the north, on the south, on the
 tem-ple, his treasures of thought. The bright jewels he plucked are

min-is-t'ring came, And gave words of com-fort in Je-sus' dear
 east and the west, The twelve gates of pearl, in the land of the
 garnered with care, In the crown of the Mas-ter they ev-er shine

name, Will meet us with wel-come, will watch and will wait, To guide us in
 blest. What records a-wait us, when we shall unfold Those gates, and pass
 fair; And gleaming high over the bright, starry throne, Shall be the sweet

CHORUS.

safe-ty thro' the Beau-ti-ful Gate.
 o-ver the streets of pure gold. Then trusting in Je-sus with
 welcome, "Well done," faithful one.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE. Concluded.

bright hope we wait For an entrance, abundant, thro' the Beautiful Gate.

No. 40. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off." —Isa. 33: 17.

REV. I. WATTS.

G. F. ROOT, by per.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign ;
 E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with-'ring flowers ;
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, Strong and weak, and young and old,
 2. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, And we may not know how near
 3. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, And at most 't will not be long

Till the boatman comes to bear us To the far-off streets of gold.
 Are our footsteps, glad or wea-ry, To its wa-ters still and clear.
 Till we cross the si-lent wa-ters, Till we hear the an-gels' song.

CHORUS.

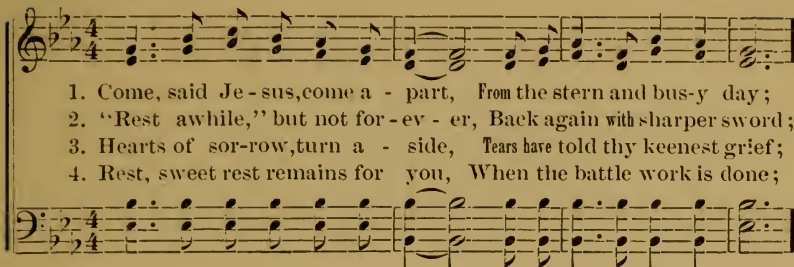
We are wait-ing by the riv-er, we are waiting, you and I;
 waiting, you and I;

Rit.
 One by one our friends are crossing, We shall join them by and by.

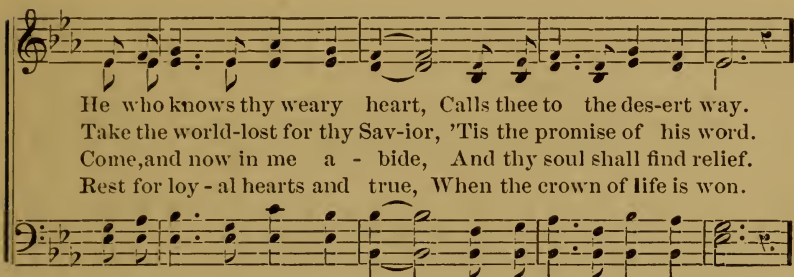
"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—Mark 6: 31.

Rev. I. T. WALKER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Come, said Je - sus, come a - part, From the stern and bus-y day ;
 2. "Rest awhile," but not for - ev - er, Back again with sharper sword ;
 3. Hearts of sor-row, turn a - side, Tears have told thy keenest grief ;
 4. Rest, sweet rest remains for you, When the battle work is done ;

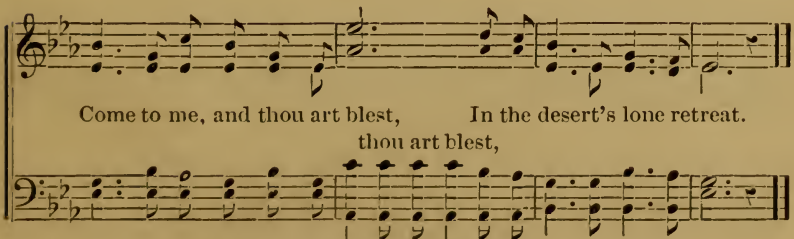


He who knows thy weary heart, Calls thee to the des-ert way.
 Take the world-lost for thy Sav-ior, 'Tis the promise of his word.
 Come, and now in me a - bide, And thy soul shall find relief.
 Rest for loy - al hearts and true, When the crown of life is won.

CHORUS.



Come, oh, come to me and rest, Find my bosom soft and sweet ;
 Come and rest, Soft and sweet, oh,

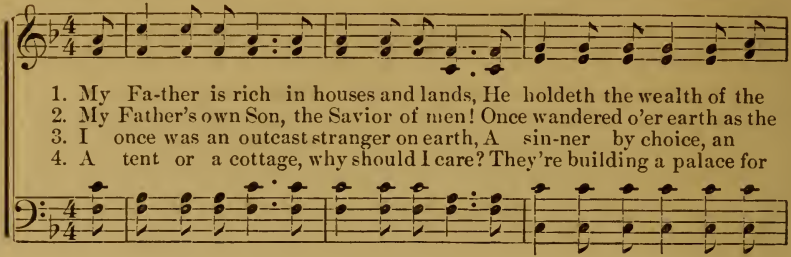


Come to me, and thou art blest, In the desert's lone retreat.
 thou art blest,

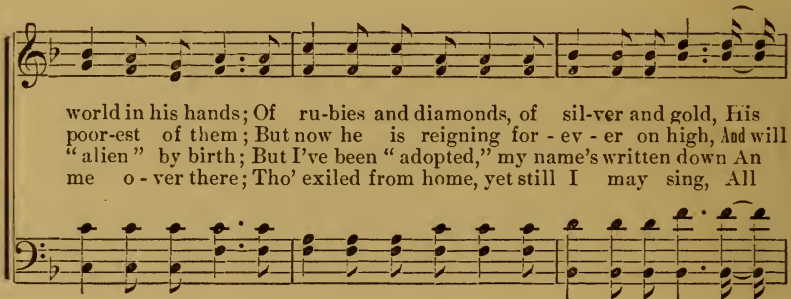
"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

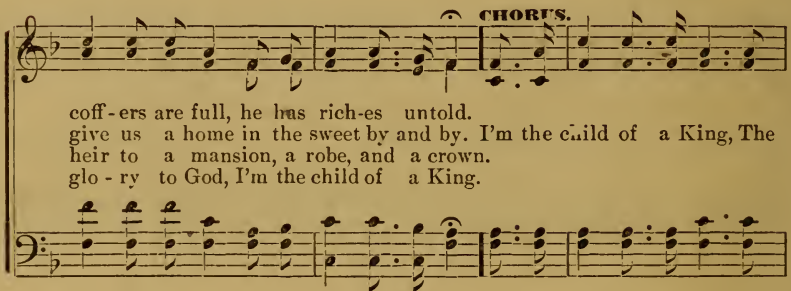
REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
 2. My Father's own Son, the Savior of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
 3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
 4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

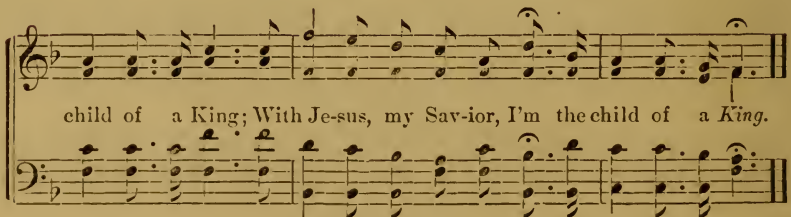


world in his hands; Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of them; But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
 "alien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
 me o - ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All



CHORUS.

coff-ers are full, he has rich-es untold.
 give us a home in the sweet by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

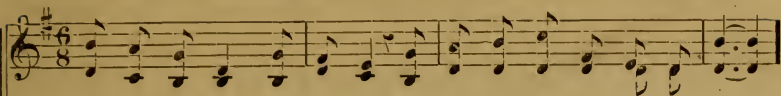


child of a King; With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King.

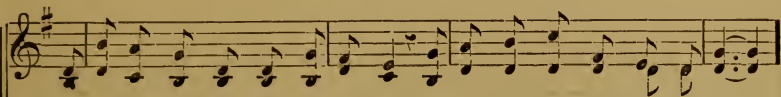
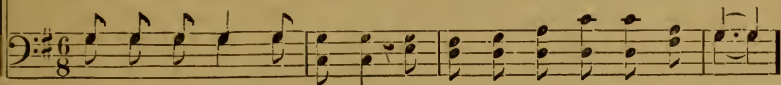
By permission.

No. 44. TRIM UP YOUR LAMP, BROTHER.

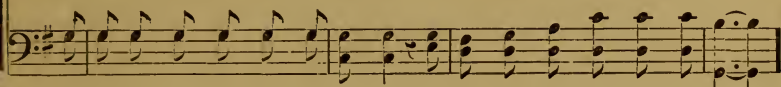
H. R. TRICKETT. "Ye are the light of the world."—Matt. 5: 14. J. H. ROSECRANS.



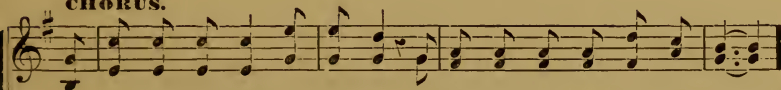
1. Dark is the world, my brother, And thousands are dy - ing in sin;
2. You are the light, my brother, And Je - sus has stationed you here
3. Let your light shine, my brother, Oh, let not its brightness grow dim;



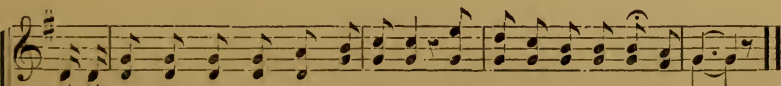
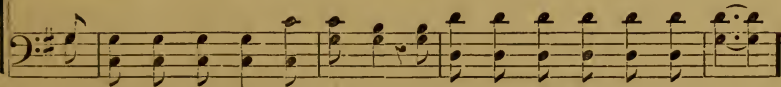
They know not the way of sal - va - tion, Nor think of the danger they're in.
To shine as a bea - con of warn - ing, That all may for judgment prepare.
For all that you do to save sin - ners, You do it, my broth - er, for Him.



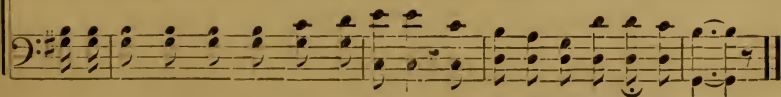
CHORUS.



Then trim up your lamp, my brother, And let its light blaze thro' the land,



Till the thousands, who perish in darkness, flare bowed to the Savior's command.



By per. FILLMORE BROS,

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." — Isaiah 30: 10. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the toils of life are ended, And our hearts are freed from care,
 2. We will watch, and pray, and wrestle, And endure this earthly strife;
 3. When we cross "the rolling river," And have reached the "Shining shore,"
 4. In that bright e - ter - nal cit - y, In that heav'nly mansion fair,

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall meet our loved ones there.
 Ev - er stand among the faith - ful, Ev - er wear a "crown of life."
 We will sing his prais - es ev - er, With the loved ones gone before.
 We shall ev - er dwell with Je - sus, And our loved ones o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, In the city whose streets are golden,
 O - ver there, o - ver there,

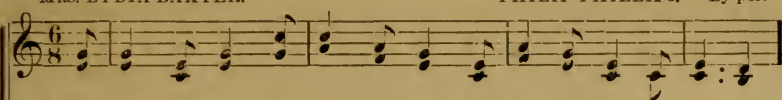
We shall meet our loved ones, We shall meet our loved ones there.
 We shall meet, meet our loved ones,

No. 46. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

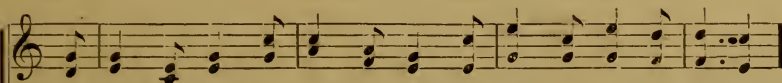
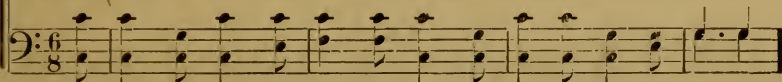
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

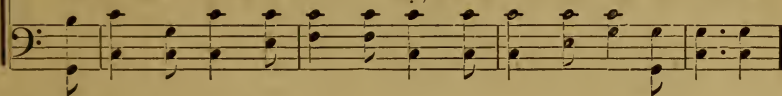
PHILIP PHILLIPS. By per.



1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por-tals gleaming,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press onward, then, though foes may frown While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



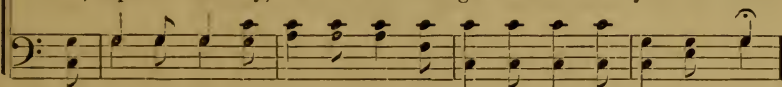
A ra-diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav-ior's love re - veal-ing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion.
 Ac-cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last-ing to - ken.
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love him more in heav-en.



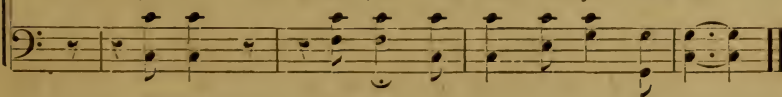
REFRAIN.



Oh, depth of mer - cy, can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?



For me, for me?

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, glad "whoso-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'
 2. I came to my Sav-ior, his word believed, When he the sinner at
 3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev-er," the crimson tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son. Of love so prec-ious I nev-er had dreamd, Oh,
 once re-ceived, And now his prais-es I joy-ful-ly sing, And
 deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

CHORUS.

sweet is the peace of the soul re-deemed. Oh, glo - ry to
 dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
 you shall be filled with a joy su-preme. Oh, glo-ry to Je - sus, my

Je - - sus, re - deemed! re - deemed! Of
 soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed, my soul is redeemed! Of

love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamd, Oh rap - tu-rous
 Oh, rap-tu-rous sto-ry, my

REDEEMED. Concluded.

sto - - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed! Oh,
soul is redeemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,

Rall.

glo - ry! Oh, glo - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed.
glo-ry, oh, glo-ry, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is redeemed.

No. 48.

SUPPLICATION.

Dr. L. W. MUNHALL.

John 16: 13, 14.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach - er Thou! In hu - mil - i - ty we bow;
2. Com - fort - er in - deed thou art, Speak to ev - 'ry ach - ing heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Walk - ing in the nar - row way;
4. Teach - er, Com - fort - er and Guide, Ev - er in our hearts a - bide;

Come. per - form thine of - fice now. Teach me al - way.
Let me nev - er from thee part, Com - fort al - way.
From it may we nev - er stray, Guide us al - way.
And what - ev - er may be - tide, Help us al - way.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Near - er to that hap - py home Where my Father's mansions rise,
 2. Near - er home, yes, near - er home Than I e'er have been be - fore,
 3. Near - er to my glo - ry home, One day gained up-on the way,

Near - er to the great white throne, In the land be - yond the skies.
 Near - er to that world of light, Near - er to the shin - ing shore.
 Near - er to that radi - ant life, And the long e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Nearer home, nearer home, I am near - - - er
 Nearer home, nearer home, I am nearer, yes,

home, I am one day's journey nearer home, Than e'er I was be -
 I am nearer home,

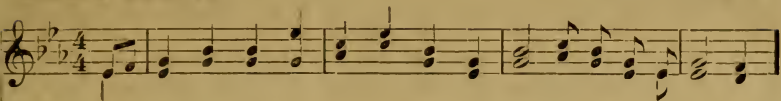
fore. . . I am one day's journey nearer home, Than e'er be - fore.
 e'er I was be - fore.

No. 50. JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING!

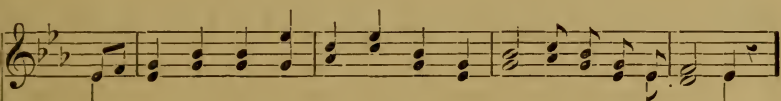
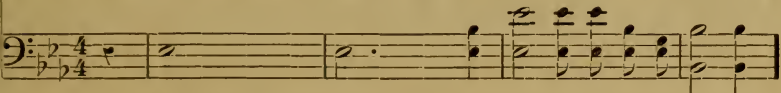
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm 30: 5.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND.

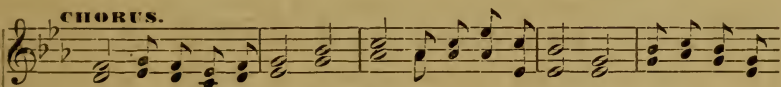
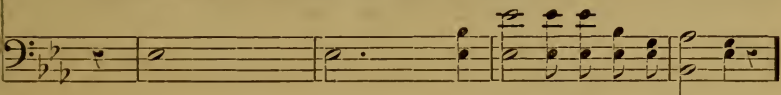
E. S. LORENZ.



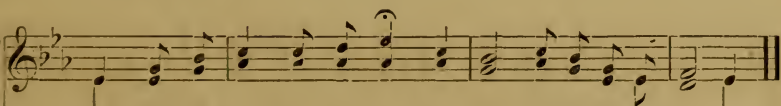
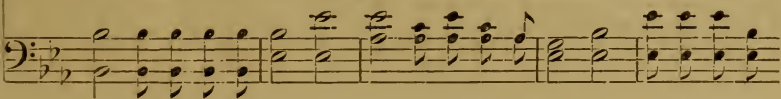
1. Oh, wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning!
2. Ye fee - ble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning!
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morning!
4. Our God will wipe our tears a - way, For joy cometh in the morning!



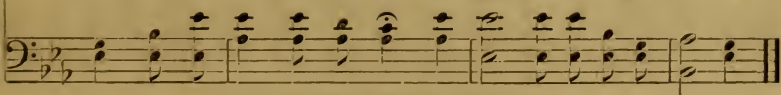
For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning.
And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning.
And ev - 'ry trembling sin - ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning.
Sor - row and sigh - ing flee a - way, For joy cometh in the morning.



Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en -



dure, may en - dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morning.



From "Holy Voices" by per.

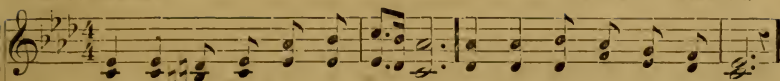
1. Lift me high-er, bless-ed Sav-ior, To the source of life,
 2. Lift me high-er, that tri-umph-ant I may sing and soar;
 3. Lift me high-er, for I languish Far from home and thee;
 4. On-ward, on-ward I am press-ing To the mount of God.

Where the liv-ing fount-ain flow-eth, Far from sin and strife.
 In the calm of blest as-sur-ance, Keep me ev-er-more.
 Draw me with the cords of mer-cy, Near-er, near-er thee.
 Lead me up the shin-ing path-way That thy feet have trod.

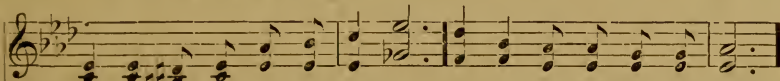
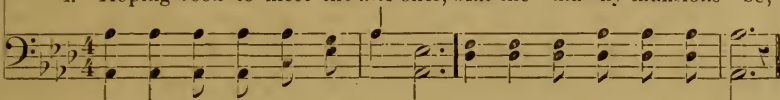
CHORUS.

High-er, high-er, lift me high-er, In the light a-bove:

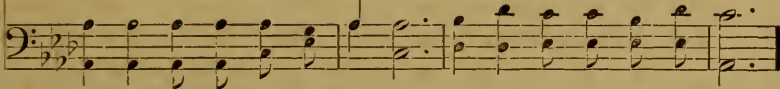
From the depths of sin and sor-row To the heights of love.



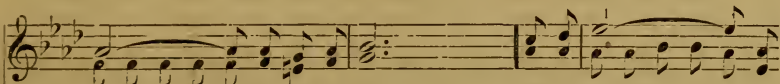
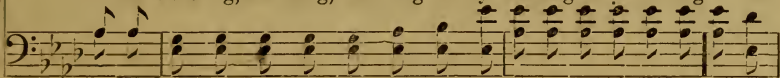
1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the loved ones, Where the "ma - ny mansions" be;



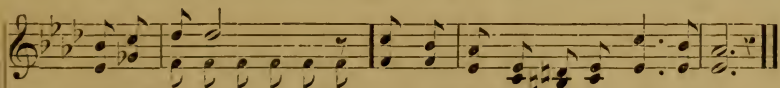
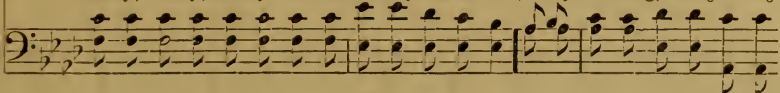
When the sor - row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
 Hop-ing, when the war-fare's o - ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a - bove.
 Listening for the hap-py welcome Of my Sav-i-or call-ing me.



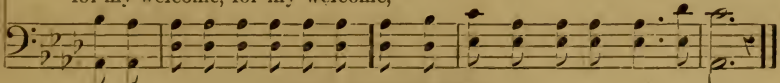
I am wait - - - ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this
 I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing on - ly wait-ing only wait-ing

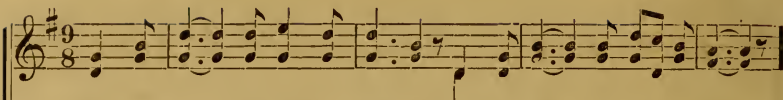


wea - - - ry life is o'er, Only wait - - - ing
 weary, weary, weary—Till this weary life is o'er; Only waiting, waiting, waiting,

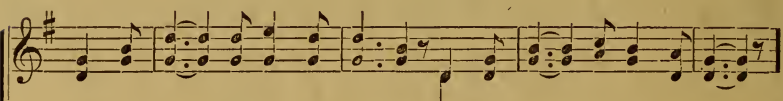


for my welcome From my Sav-i-or on the oth-er shore.
 for my welcome, for my welcome,





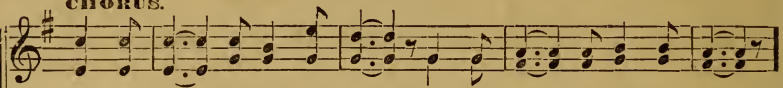
1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless-ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and silv'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion; All the storms of life are past;



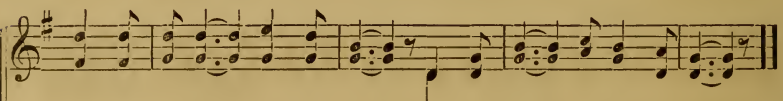
And the liv-ing wa-ters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.
 Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that e-ter-nal shore;



Drop the anchor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail.



No. 55. HAVE YOU THE GARMENT OF WHITE?

"Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?"—Matt. 22: 12.

HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The King bids you come and par-take of the feast; For
 2. Oh, will you be speech-less when questioned by One, Who
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And

all there is room e - ven un - to the least; But if you would enter the
 of-fered you mercy through Je-sus his Son? Who o-pened a fountain that
 join in the anthem the glo - ri - fied sing? Oh will you be welcome with-

pal - ace so fair, The pure wedding gar-ment you surely must wear.
 sin - ners below Might wear a bright garment as spot-less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white-robed are suffered to come?

CHORUS.

Oh, have you the garment of white, brother, If called to the banquet tonight—

The beau-ti-ful garment of white, brother, They wear in the palace of light?

Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 56. WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

"And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north,
and from the south, and shall sit down in the
kingdom of God."—St Luke 13: 29.

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. What a meet - ing that will be, When our course is finished here,
2. What a meet - ing that will be, With the good of a - ges past,
3. What a meet - ing that will be, When the Sav - ior's face we view,

And we pass with an - gels bright, Where the skies are ev - er clear!
Who their barks have safely moor'd Where there comes no stormy blast!
And with all the ransomed join In the song for - ev - er new!

CHORUS.

What a meet - - ing, what a meet - - ing, With the
What a meet - ing that will be! what a meeting that will be!

dear ones gone be - fore! What a meet - - ing, hap - py
What a meet - ing, joy - ful meeting, What a

meet - - ing, On the bright and gold - en shore!
hap - py, hap - py meeting,

WM. HAMMOND. "Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!
 2. Sing of his dy - ing love: Sing of his ris - ing power:
 3. Sing on your heavenly way: Ye ransomed sin - ners, sing;
 4. Soon shall we hear him say, "Ye bless - ed chil-dren, come!"
 5. Then shall each raptured tongue His end - less praise pro-claim:

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - ior's name.
 Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore.
 Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ the eternal King.
 Soon will he call us hence a - way To our e - ter - nal home.
 And sweet - er voi - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

CHORUS.

A - wake and sing the song Of
 A - wake and sing, sing the song

Mo - ses and the Lamb, that was slain, Wake ev - 'ry heart, and
 Wake

ev - - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav - ior's name.
 ev - 'ry heart and tongue To praise the ris - en Sav - ior's name.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—

WILL. L. THOMPSON, by per. Psalm 55: 6.

LAMARTINE.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there, No
 2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there, That
 3. My Father's house is built on high, I long to be there, Far
 4. When from this earthly prison free, I long to be there, That

pain nor death can en - ter there, I long to be there.
 heav'nly man - sion shall be mine, I long to be there.
 far a - bove the star - ry sky, I long to be there.
 heav'nly man - sion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

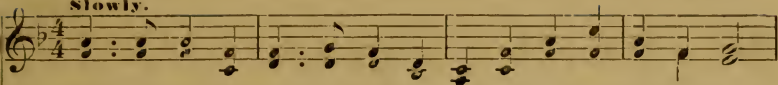
Oh! an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
 an-gels, angels, an-gels, angels,

Repeat Cho. pp
 An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
 an - gels, angels,

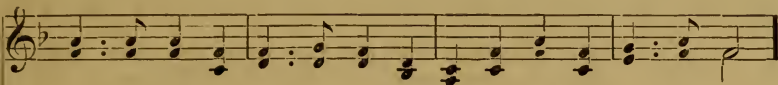
Words arranged.

"They that hear shall live."—John 5: 25.

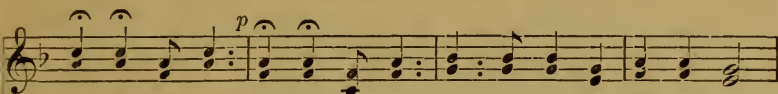
D. B. TOWNER.

Slowly.

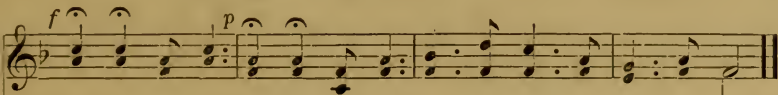
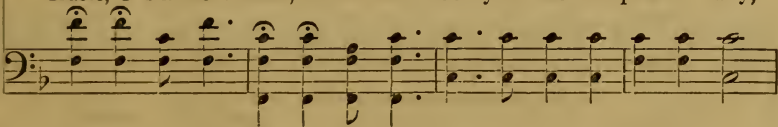
1. Hear, O sin-ner, mer-cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls;
2. Hear, O sinner, hear him pleading, Pleading now with thee to come;
3. Haste, O sin-ner, to the Sav-ior, Seek his mer - cy while you may;



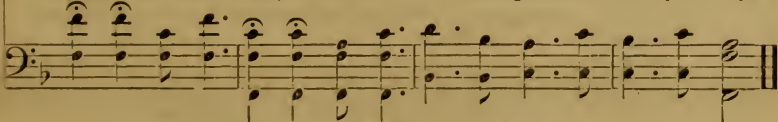
Bids you haste to seek the Sav-ior, Ere the hand of jus - tice falls.
 Leave be-hind thee all thy sor-row, Come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come.
 Soon the day of grace is o - ver, Soon your life will pass a - way,



Hear, O sin-ner! hear, O sin-ner! 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls,
 Hear, O sin-ner! hear, O sin-ner! Still the dews of mer-cy fall,
 Haste, O sin-ner! haste, O sin-ner! Soon your life will pass a - way,



Hear, O sin-ner! hear, O sin-ner! Ere the hand of jus - tice falls.
 Hear, O sin-ner! hear, O sin-ner! Hear the lov - ing Sav - ior call.
 Haste, O sin-ner! haste, O sin-ner! You must per - ish if you stay.



Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

D. B. T.

"There is joy * * * over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is joy, great joy, we are told, When the wandering sheep has been
 2. There is joy in heav-en, we're told, When a pen-i-tent sin-ner re-
 3. The heav'nly Shepherd, in love, Stands read-y to welcome you

found; And the Shep-herd, with ten-der-est care, Re-
 turns; The an-gels re-joice as they see The
 in; The an-gels im-plor-ing-ly sing, Re-

CHORUS.

stores it and binds up its wounds. There is joy . . . great
 love that for him ev-er burns.
 turn from the mount-ains of sin. There is joy,

joy, . . . 'Mong the an-gels surrounding the throne; There is
 great joy, great white throne.

joy, . . . great joy, . . . When the wan-dering sinner comes home.
 There is joy, great joy,

No. 61.

WHITE ROBES IN HEAVEN.

"And they shall walk with me in white."—Rev. 3:4. "And white robes were given unto every one of them."—Rev. 6:11.

E. A. BARNES.
Andante.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. All that in the Lord believe, All that love his ho - ly
 2. All that in the Lord rejoice, All that to his promise
 3. All that in the Lord a-bide, All that take the cross he

name, Lo! from heav - - en hear the mes - sage That the
 cling, Hear the mes - - sage full of glo - ry From the
 bore, Lo! from heav - - en hear the mes - sage Wait-ed

CHORUS. I will give them all a
 Spir - it did pro - claim: I will give them all a
 mansions of the King. I will give them all a
 to this earth - ly shore.

I will give them
 robe, White and spot - less shall it be;
 robe, White and spot - less shall it be; They shall
 robe, White and spot - less shall it be;
 all a robe, White and spot - less shall it be;

Mod.
 wear the robe for - ev - er, They shall walk in white with me.

REV. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
 2. In the beau-ti-ful land far a-way o'er the tide, The jas-per-walled
 3. And the fair, gold-en harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
 4. And as a-ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per-ish the

pine, in the home of our King! But as a-ges fly on-ward new
 home of the Ancient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
 touch that no an-gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
 stars that in heav-en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be

chords shall un-fold, New mel-o-dies meet-ing, inspire us to sing.
 sun in his pride, Our long hal-le-lu-jahs of glo-ry we'll raise.
 wea-ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin-ner might live.
 death-less and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!

For - ev - er in glo - ry the song of the soul!

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Isaiah 53: 4.

D. B. T.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Have I burd - ens hard to bear? No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,
 2. How my soul is freed from care, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,
 3. How to send a cheer - ing ray, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,
 4. How I long to see his face, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,

Who doth all my sorrows share, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.
 When I go to him in prayer, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.
 Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.
 How he fills me with his grace, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.

CHORUS.

No - bod - y knows, no - bod - y knows, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.

Rit.

No - bod - y knows, no - bod - y knows, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus.

No. 64. JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

"He saved us by the washing of regeneration."—Titus 3: 5.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Re-joice with me, re-joyce with me, And praise the Lord to-day;
 2. My wea-ry heart could find no rest Un - til to Christ I turned;
 3. Re - turn - ing now from Cal - va - ry, Where I had gone to pray,

For he has saved and ransomed me, For he has saved and
 He welcomed and be-stowed on me, He welcomed and be-
 My heart with praise to Christ is filled, My heart with praise to

ransomed me, And washed my sins a - way, And washed my sins a - way.
 stowed on me, The peace for which I yearned, The peace for which I yearned.
 Christ is filled, Who washed my guilt away, Who washed my guilt a-way.

CHORUS.

I have just returned from the fountain, Where I went to weep and pray;

There I met the precious Savior, And he washed my sins away, Washed my sins away.

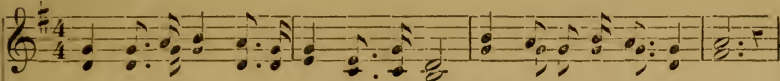
1st time. 2d time.

Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

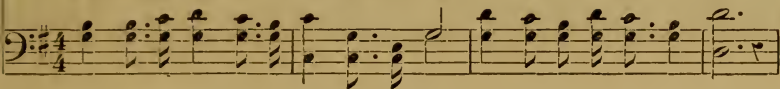
"Unto them that look for him, shall he appear the second time."—Heb. 9: 22.

Words Arranged.

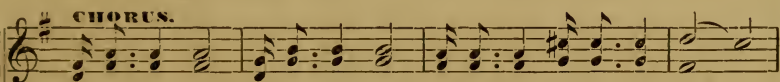
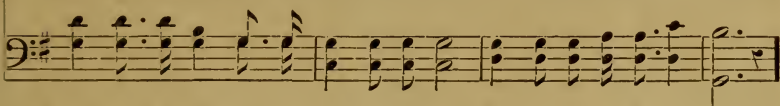
D. B. TOWNER.



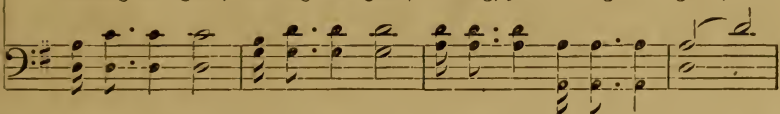
1. Lift up the trumpet, oh, loud let it ring! Je - sus is coming a - gain!
2. Ech - o it, hilltops, proclaim it, ye plains, Je - sus is coming a - gain!
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in thy mighty wave, Je - sus is coming a - gain!
4. Soon we will wing our glad flight thro' the air, Je - sus is coming a - gain!



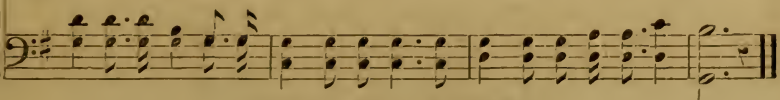
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing, Je - sus is coming a - gain.
 Com - ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain, Je - sus is coming a - gain.
 Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave, Je - sus is coming a - gain.
 En - ter the kingdom, its glo - ries to share, Je - sus is coming a - gain.



Coming a - gain, coming a - gain, Coming, yes coming a - gain;



Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing, For Je - sus is coming a - gain.



"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come and re - 'ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

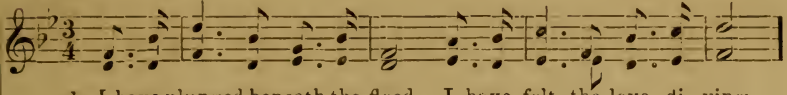
Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

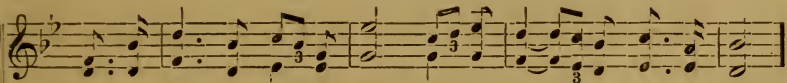
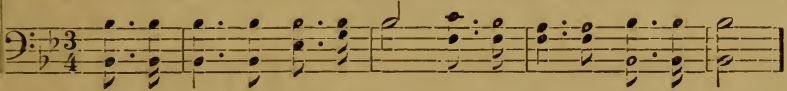
"And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."—Ps. 40: 3.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

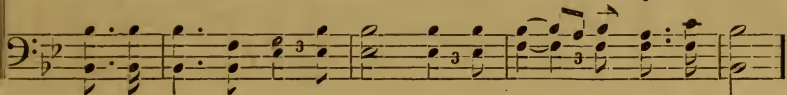
D. B. TOWNER.



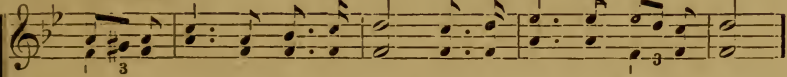
1. I have plunged beneath the flood, I have felt the love di-vine;
2. I have seen thy smil-ing face, I have heard thy pard'ning voice;
3. Thou art ev-er by my side All a-long my pil-grim way;
4. Oh, the sweets of pard'ning love, All its depths we ne'er can tell,



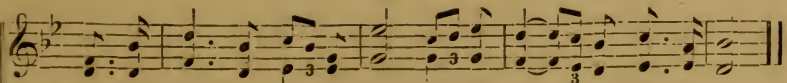
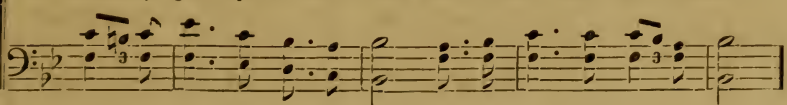
Precious Je-sus, through thy blood, Thou art mine, and I am thine.
 I have felt thy quick'ning grace, In thy love I now re-joice.
 Thou art near when woes be-tide, Near to strengthen day by day.
 Till we reach the home a-bove, Where im-mor-tal spir-its dwell.



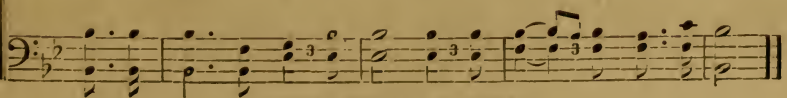
CHORUS.



Glo-ry! glo-ry! I am thine, Precious Je-sus. thou art mine;



Sweet, oh, sweet the love di-vine, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am thine.



No. 68. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDET.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
 3. Oh! that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heaven, I would en-ter the fold, In the book of thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-ior! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy prom-ise is written, In bright
 beings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Sav-ior, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Thy yoursins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 Cho. for 2d &
 3d verses. Yes, my name, etc.

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there.
 2d & 3d verses. Yes, my name's, etc.

By permission.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—James 4: 8.

C. A. F.

C. A. FYKE.

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, I would be Just a lit - tle near - er;
 2. Lest I wan - der, Lord, from thee, Just a lit - tle near - er
 3. Let thy love en - com - pass me, Just a lit - tle near - er;

I would all thy glo - ry see Just a lit - tle clear - er.
 May thy Spir - it ev - er be Just a lit - tle near - er.
 Height and depth of love must be Just a lit - tle near - er.

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er would I be, Just a lit - tle near - er;

Draw me near - er, Lord, to thee, Just a lit - tle near - er.

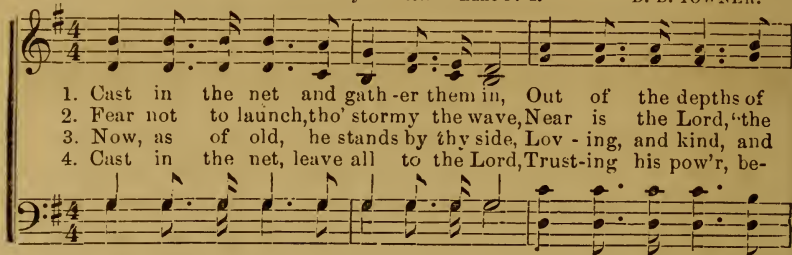
No. 70.

CAST IT IN THE NET!

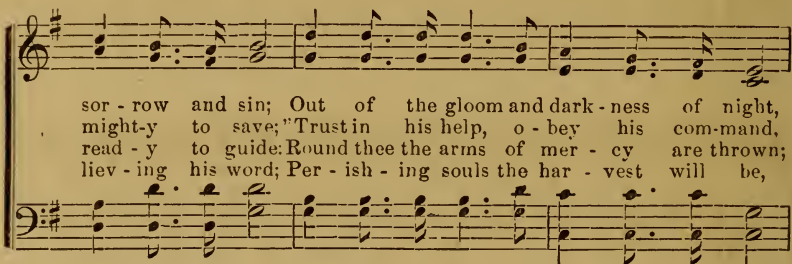
Mrs. C. L. S.

"Let down your nets."—Luke 5: 4.

D. E. TOWNER.

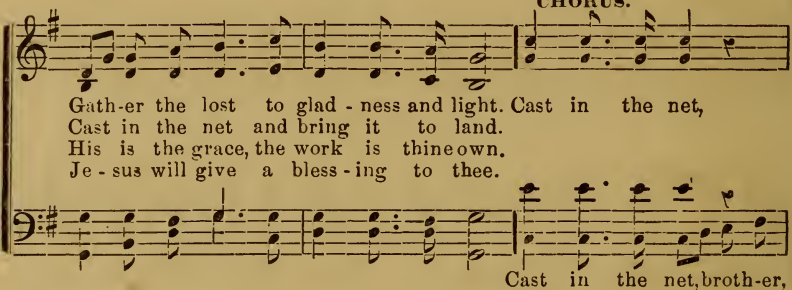


1. Cast in the net and gath-er them in, Out of the depths of
 2. Fear not to launch, tho' stormy the wave, Near is the Lord, "the
 3. Now, as of old, he stands by thy side, Lov-ing, and kind, and
 4. Cast in the net, leave all to the Lord, Trust-ing his pow'r, be-



sor-row and sin; Out of the gloom and dark-ness of night,
 might-y to save; "Trust in his help, o-bey his com-mand,
 read-y to guide: Round thee the arms of mer-cy are thrown;
 liev-ing his word; Per-ish-ing souls the har-vest will be,

CHORUS.

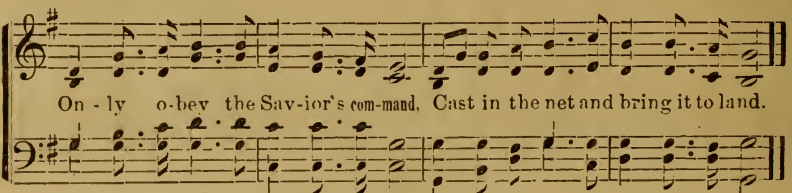


Gath-er the lost to glad-ness and light. Cast in the net,
 Cast in the net and bring it to land.
 His is the grace, the work is thine own.
 Je-sus will give a bless-ing to thee.

Cast in the net, broth-er,



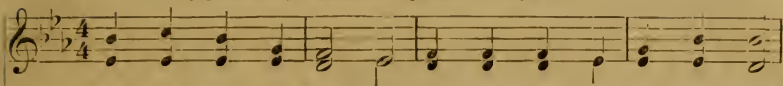
Cast in the net. Heed ye the call and cast in the net;



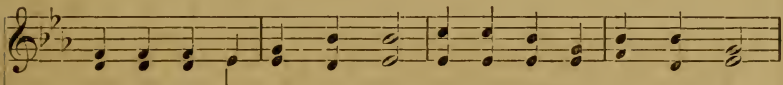
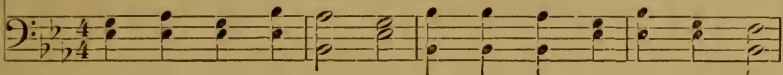
On-ly o-bey the Sav-ior's com-mand. Cast in the net and bring it to land.

No. 71. WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

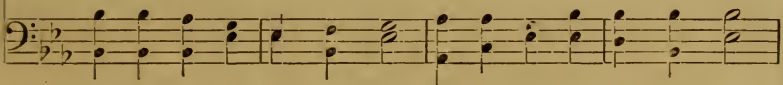
R. L. "For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8. REV. R. LOWRY.



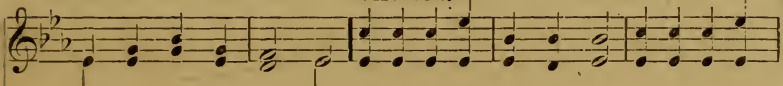
1. Weep - ing will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work - ing will not save me--Pur - est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait - ing will not save me—Help-less, guilt - y, lost I lie;
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weep - ing Son,



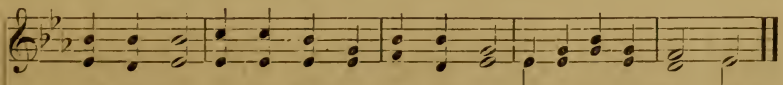
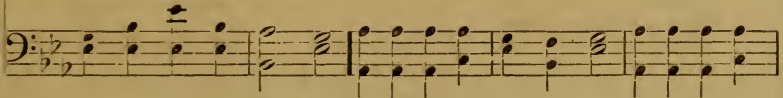
That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
 Ho-liest thoughts and feelings too, Can not form my soul a - new—
 In my ear is mer - cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
 Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—



CHORUS.



Weeping will not save me.
 Working will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered
 Waiting will not save me.
 Faith in Christ will save me.



on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He alone can save me.



By permission.

No. 72. A FEW MORE MARCHINGS WEARY.

"The God of Israel will gather you."—Isa. 52: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. A few more marchings weary, Then we'll gather home; A few more
 2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gather home; A few more
 3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gather home; A few more

storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gather home. A few more days the cross to bear,
 watches keeping, Then we'll gather home. A few more vic'tries o-ver sin,
 kind words spoken, Then we'll gather home. A few more partings on the strand,

And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings weary,
 A few more sheaves to gather in, A few more marchings weary,
 And then a-way to Canaan's land; A few more marchings weary,

REFRAIN.

Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rap-id riv-er, Soon we'll
 Then we'll gather home.
 Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rapid Soon we'll rest, we'll

rest for-ev-er; No more marchings weary, When we'll gather home.

By permission.
 Copyright, 1882, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

No. 73. ARE YOU COMING TO THE CROSS?

"He that taketh not his cross *** is not worthy of me."—Matt. 10: 33.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. To God I was a stran-ger, And far in ru - in gone; Friends
 2. My heart was sad, un - hap - py; My sky was clouded o'er; And
 3. Oh won - der - ful re-demp-tion! Oh peace and love di-vine! God's

point-ed me to Je - sus, God's well beloved Son, I had no price to
 while from Christ I wandered, I sinned more and more; But now the sun shines
 free and full sal - va - tion For - ev - er now is mine! Down at the cross I

bring him, I could but weep and pray, But when in him I trust - ed, He
 bright-ly, My night is turned to day, For Christ, the blessed Savior, Has
 krelt me, In pen - i - tence to pray, And, in the Sav-ior trusting, My

CHORUS.

took my sins a - way.
 washed my sins a - way. Are you coming to the cross, coming to the cross,
 bur - den rolled a - way.

1st time.

2d time.

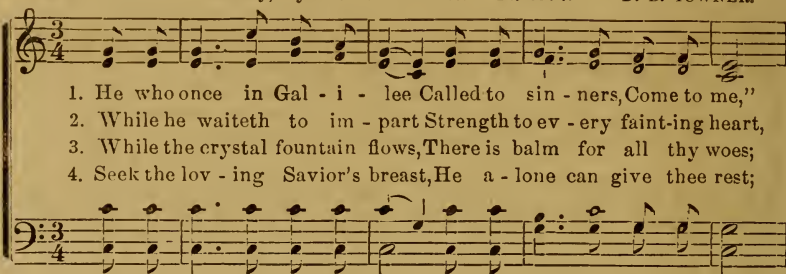
Coming to the cross to be saved, Com-ing to the cross to be saved.

By permission.

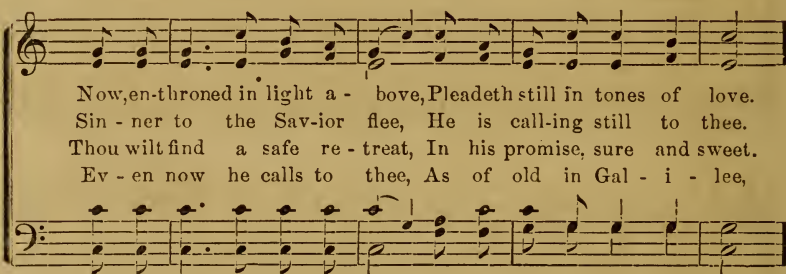
Mrs. C. L. S.

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice."—Ps. 95: 7.

D. B. TOWNER.

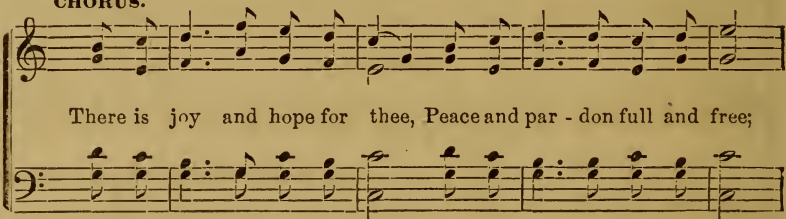


1. He who once in Gal - i - lee Called to sin - ners, Come to me,"
 2. While he waiteth to im - part Strength to ev - ery faint - ing heart,
 3. While the crystal fountain flows, There is balm for all thy woes;
 4. Seek the lov - ing Savior's breast, He a - lone can give thee rest;

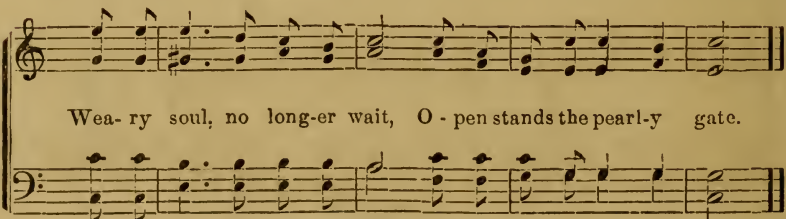


Now, en - throned in light a - bove, Pleadeth still in tones of love.
 Sin - ner to the Sav - ior flee, He is call - ing still to thee.
 Thou wilt find a safe re - treat, In his promise, sure and sweet.
 Ev - en now he calls to thee, As of old in Gal - i - lee,

CHORUS.



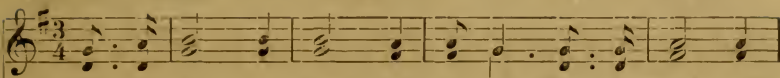
There is joy and hope for thee, Peace and par - don full and free;



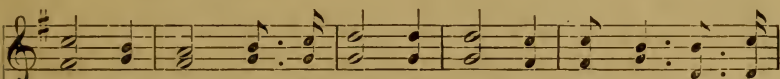
Wea - ry soul, no long - er wait, O - pen stands the pearl - y gate.

No. 75. NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

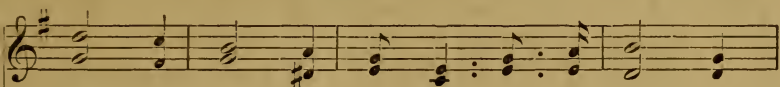
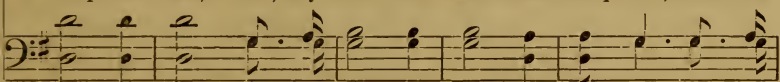
REV. THEO. MONOD. "But Christ is all in all."—Col. 3: 11. REV. J. B. SUMNER.



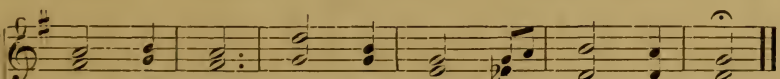
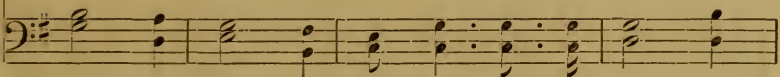
1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
 2. Yet, he found me; I be - held him Bleed - ing on thr'ac -
 3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the



ev - er be When I let the Sav - ior's pit - y Plead in
 curs - ed tree; Heard him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther," And my
 full and free, Sweet and strong, and oh, so pa - tient, Brought me
 deep - est sea, Lord, thy love at last hath conquered, Grant me



vain, and proud - ly an - swered, "All of self and
 wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and
 low - er while I whis - pered "Less of self and
 now my soul's de - si - re: "None of self and



none of thee, All of self and none of thee."
 some of thee, Some of self and some of thee."
 more of thee, Less of self and more of thee."
 all of thee, None of self and all of thee."



"Oh when wilt thou come unto me?"—Psalms 101: 2.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.
 Come home, come home,

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
 Com - ing for you and for me. come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,

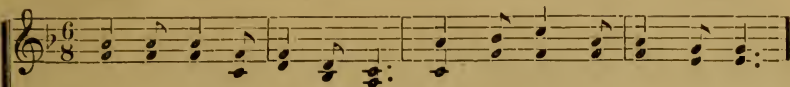
Rit. Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, *pp* O sin - ner, come home!

By permission.

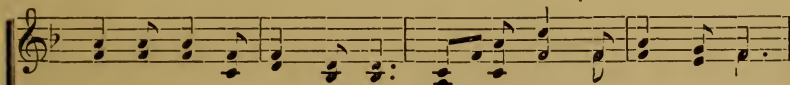
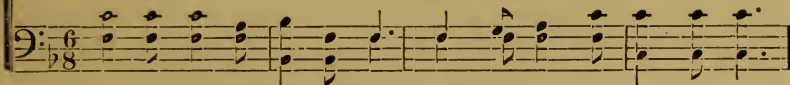
P. P. BLISS.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—John 4: 19.

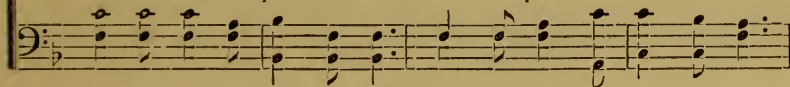
D. B. TOWNER.



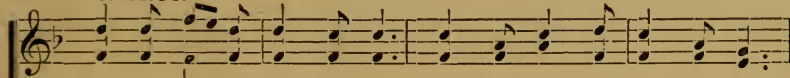
1. Je - sus loves me, I'm his child, Though by na - ture sin - defiled;
2. Je - sus all my grief doth know, Measures well my cup of woe;
3. Je - sus will not send a pain Which to me shall not be gain;
4. Je - sus soon will call me home; There no pain nor grief can come;



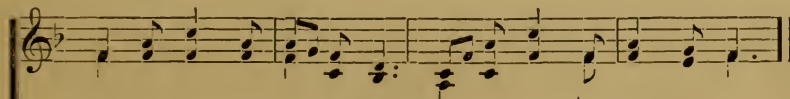
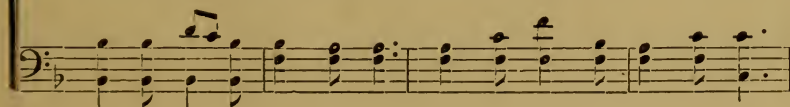
Yet he washed me, made me clean, Dwells himself my heart with - in.
 Knows, for he the path hath trod, Bore for me the wrath of God.
 Nor in an - ger deal the blow; Strength to bear it will be - stow.
 Then on Canaan's peaceful shore I shall praise him ev - er - more.



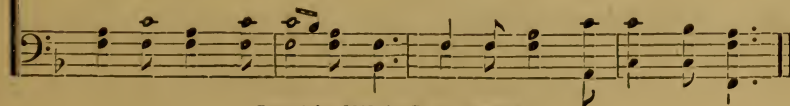
CHORUS.



Je - sus loves me, praise his name, I am cleansed from ev - 'ry stain;



I have plunged beneath the flood, I'm redeemed through Jesus' blood.



No. 78. THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

R. LOWRY.

1. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Tho' the way be long and weary,
 2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vig - ils keeping,
 3. Tho' thy spir - it faints with fasting Thro' the hours so slow - ly wasting,

Morn shall bring thee light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.
 God shall wipe thy tears a - way, Turn thy dark-ness in - to day.
 Morn shall bring a glo-rious feast, Thou shalt sit an hon-ored guest.

CHORUS.

There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy by and by;

In the dawning of the morning, There'll be joy by and by

No. 79. COMING TO GATHER US HOME.

"I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory."—Isaiah 66: 18.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, by and by, Com - ing his saints to re -
 2. Will you be ready and robed when he comes, Robed in the garments of
 3. When he shall gather his jew - els, his own, In - to the king - dom a -

ward; Com - ing to gath - er the faith - ful on high, In - to the
 white; Read - y to en - ter yon beau - ti - ful home, Heaven's fair
 bove; Will you be numbered with those at the throne, Chanting the

CHORUS.

home of their Lord. Com - ing, com - ing,
 man - sions of light?
 an - thems of love? Je - sus is com - ing, Je - sus is com - ing,

1st time. 2d time.
 Yes, the Redeemer is com - ing, Com - ing to gather us home.

1. We are out up - on an o - cean, We are far, far out from land,
 2. Fierce and wild the waves are dashing, As the storm-king passes by,
 3. So by faith we'll trav-el ev - er, Battling with the tem-pest wild,

And the bil - lows' an - gry mo - tion Beat and drive us from the strand;
 And the lu - rid lightning's flashing Brightly lumes the western sky;
 Heed his word and fal - ter nev - er, For he'll guide and guard his child;

But our hope is in our Cap-tain, He the bark will steer a - right;
 But our hearts are calm and peaceful, Tho' our eyes are dimmed with tears,
 Oh, how sweet the mu - sic, fall - ing From our Father's glo-ry throne,

So we'll jour - ney on and trust him Till we reach the "beacon light."
 Since in ev - 'ry time of trou - ble Je - sus doth dis - pel our fears.
 As we hear him gen - tly call - ing, Weary one, come home, come home.

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll trust him, trust him ev - er, And we'll toil with-out a frown,

THE OCEAN OF LIFE. Concluded.

For his love will fail us nev - er, He'll reward us with a crown.

No. 81. PRAY AND EARNESTLY PLEAD.

E. A. H.

"Behold, the Lord God will help thee."—Isaiah 50: 9.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Do sin and guilt oppress thee sore? Go to the Lord in prayer;
 2. Do doubts and fears distress thy heart, Or clouds obscure thy way;
 3. In the dark hour of grief and pain, When joy is fled a - way,
 4. When dawns the solemn hour of death, When closes life's short day,

And, bowing at his throne of grace, He'll bless and save thee there.
 Do strong temptations baf - fle thee? For - get not, then, to pray.
 Seek thou the mercy - seat a - gain; Then is the time to pray.
 Renouncing there thy lat - est breath, Trust in the Lord, and pray.

D. S. Re - mem - ber Christ is ev - er near To help in time of need.

CHORUS.

Pray, broth - er, be - liev - ing! Plead ear - nest - ly, plead!

No. 82. ALL MY JOURNEY THROUGH.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Psalms 23: 1.

H. J.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Trusting in my Sav-ior, ev - er - more be - liev - ing;
 2. Where my Shepherd lead-eth, cry - stal streams are flow - ing;
 3. E - ven through the shad-ow I will fear no e - vil,

All that he has promised he will sure-ly do; Joy - ful - ly I
 Green and pleasant pastures daily meet my view; Near the peaceful
 Trusting in the promise of my Sav-ior true; Through the darksome

journey on my way to glo - ry, Knowing he will feed me
 waters I am sweet - ly resting, While my Shepherd feeds me
 val - ley I will safe - ly lead you, Says the One who feeds me

CHORUS.

all my journey through.
 all my journey through. All my journey through, all my journey through,
 all my journey through.

All my Shepherd promised he will sure-ly do; All my journey through,

ALL MY JOURNEY THROUGH. Concluded.

Rit.

Musical score for 'All My Journey Through'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking.

All my journey through, He will surely feed me all my journey through.

No. 83. I MUST FIND CHRIST TO-DAY.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."— John 6: 37.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Musical score for 'I Must Find Christ to-day'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Long have I sought the heav'nly way !How can I longer wait ?
2. How can I rest with such a weight Pressing up -on my soul ?
3. Low at the cross in tears I bend, Waiting for his sweet peace ;

Musical score for 'I must find Christ this very day'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

I must find Christ this ver-y day, Or it may be too late.
 Here will I kneel at merey's gate Till he has made me whole.
 When will his grace and love descend, When shall I have re - lease ?

CHORUS.

1st time.

2d time.

Musical score for the chorus of 'I Must Find Christ to-day'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The chorus is repeated twice, labeled '1st time' and '2d time'.

I must find Christ the Savior to-day, I can no longer wait ; Ere it shall be too late.

By permission.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. When the long, long night is o - ver, And we wak - en from our sleep ;
 2. Shall we wake to bless - ed morning In the world beyond the skies,
 3. Sweet will be the life up yon - der, Rare will be the mu - sic heard ;

When the shadows dark shall hov - er, And no watch - er vig - ils keep.
 And wear garlands for a - dorn - ing In that home where man ne'er dies ?
 Nev - er - more from him to wan - der, Who has kept his gracious word.

CHORUS.

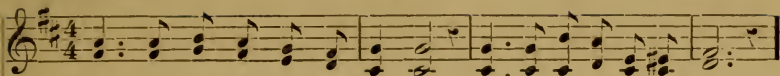
Oh, the rapture of the morning ! When the long, long night is o'er ;

Oh, the garlands for a - dorn - ing, When we wak - en ev - er - more !

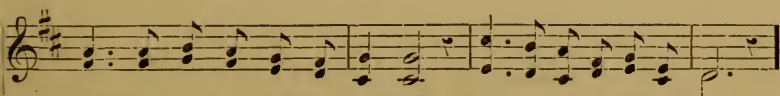
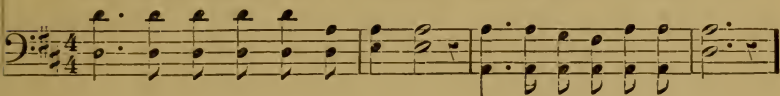
Words arranged.

" Acts 21: 15, 16, 17.

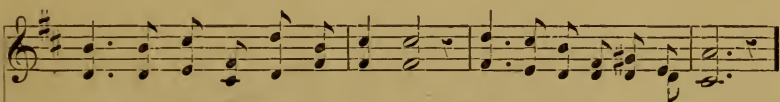
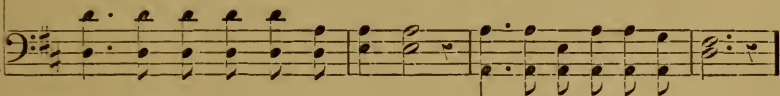
D. B. TOWNER.



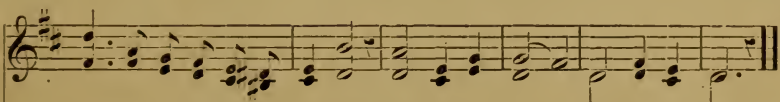
1. Wand'rer o'er life's rest-less o - cean, With no spot to fold thy wing,
2. More than wealth or worldly sta-tion, More than pleasure, pow'r or pride,
3. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, Oh for grace to love thee more;



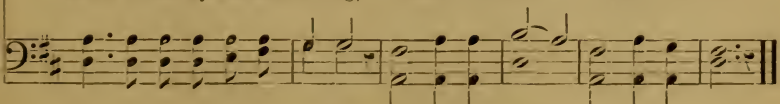
Sheltered one where friends and kindred, Full of love around thee cling.
 More than hu-man love or friendship, More than these and all beside.
 Help the weakest of thy children Now to love thee and a-dore.



Sad or joy-ful, young or a - ged, What so-e'er thy lot may be,
 Lis - ten to the sol - emn que-ry: 'T is thy Savior speaks to thee,
 Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, Quick and glad the answer be,



Tones to-day from heav'n are calling, "Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me?"
 E - ven now his voice is calling, "Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me?"
 When I hear thy sweet voice calling, "Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me?"



"He knoweth them that trust in him."—Nahum 1: 7.

Arranged.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Dost thou look back up-on a life of sinning; Forward, and tremble,
 2. And art thou tossed on billows of temp-ta-tion, But would'st do good, while
 3. And dost thou sin? thy deeds of shame concealing, In some dark spot, no
 4. Then go to God! pour out your heart before him; There is no grief your

for thy fut-ure lot? There's one who sees the end from the be-gin-ning;
 e - vil oft prevails? Oh, think, a-mid the waves of trib - u - la - tion,
 hu-man eye can see? Then walk in pride, without one sigh re-veal-ing,
 Fa-ther can-not feel; And let your grateful songs of praise a - dore him,

REFRAIN.

The tear of pen - i - tence is not for - got.
 When earthly hope and earthly ref - uge fails. God knows it all,
 The deep re-morse that should dis - quiet thee.
 To save, for-give, and ev - 'ry wound to heal.

God knows it all, Ev - er re-mem - ber that God knows it all.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove;
 2. Thou bless - ed Son of God Hast bought me with thy blood;
 3. When un - to thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be,

Je - sus, my Lord. Oh, thou art all to me, Noth - ing to
 Je - sus, my Lord. Oh, wondrous is thy love, All oth - er
 Je - sus, my Lord. What need I now to fear? What earthly

please I see, Noth - ing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord.
 loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord.
 grief or care? Since thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord.

By permission.

No. 88. Come, Holy Spirit.

No. 89. Avon.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And time to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

No. 90. AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS. (Male Voices.)

Mrs. C. L. S. "Peace through the blood of the cross."—Col., 1: 20. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have cast all my care on Je - sus, At the foot of the cross I stand;
 2. I care not for wealth or hon - ors, And I heed not the siren's voice;

3. I am weak, but his hand shall lead me, In his strength I can journey on;
 4. When I pass thro' the dark, dark valley, I shall fear not the chill or gloom;

And the shadow that falls up - on me Is my guide to the bet - ter land.
 For I look to the Lord for - ev - er, In the light of his love re-joice.

With the bread of life he shall feed me; I shall rest when the goal is won.
 For I look to the heights of glo - ry, To the mansions beyond the tomb.

CHORUS.

I am wait - ing the Master's sum - mons, At the
 I am waiting, the Master's summons,

foot of the cross I stand, And no e - vil can e'er be-
 foot of the cross I ev-ermore will stand, And no e-vil

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS. Concluded.

Repeat *pp* after last verse.

fall me. While I cling to his guiding hand. . .
can e'er befall me, While I cling to his guiding hand, to his guiding hand.

No. 91. SAVIOR, TAKE MY HAND.

Words adapted. "For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3. D. B. TOWNER.

Duet.

1. Take my hand, O lov-ing Sav-ior, I have fall-en by the way;
2. I have strayed, O lov-ing Sav-ior, From the ten-der Shepherd's band;
3. I am weak, O lov-ing Sav-ior, And tempta-tion's darts are strong;

Lift me up and gent-ly lead me In - to thy more per-fect way.
I would be thy child for-ev - er, Then, O Sav - ior, take my hand.
Let thy lov-ing, ten-der mer-cy Keep me from the paths of wrong.

CHORUS.

Lead me, Sav-ior, ev - er lead me, Let me lay my hand in thine;

I would be thy child for - ev - er, Lead me by thy love di - vine.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15: 13.

D. B. TOWNER.

Old melody.

1. Je - sus reïgns, Je - sus reigns Supreme - ly in my breast, And
 2. Praise his name, praise his name, I now with rapt - ure sing, For
 3. Glo - rious hope, glo - rious hope He to his child hath given, That

D. C. Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns Supreme - ly in my breast, And

Fine.

oh, he fills my soul with joy, With love, and peace, and rest.
 he a - lone hath conquered death, And robbed it of its sting.
 when the toils of life are o'er, With him we'll dwell in heaven.

oh, he fills my soul with joy, With love, and peace, and rest.

He sought his wayward, wand'ring one, Far up the mountain wild,
 I fear no more its chill - ing tide, Nor shrink to cross the wave,
 We'll roam the fields of fadeless green, We'll swell the an - gel throng,

D. C. Refrain.

And cried in pitying tones of love, Come home, my wand'ring child.
 For he who gave his life for me, Is might - y yet to save.
 We'll strike our harps of shining gold, We'll sing the new, new song.

No. 93. WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

EMMA LINN.

"O Lord, I trust in thee."—Psalm 25: 2.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Whom have I in heav'n but thee? Whom on earth be - side thee?
 2. Earth - ly friends may all for - sake, Earth - ly woes be - tide me,
 3. Who re - deemed my soul from sin, Life and par - don gave me?
 4. In the sha - dow of thy wing I will safe - ly hide me,

Fine.
 Thou a - lone canst cheer my way, Save, and guard, and guide me.
 Let me put my hand in thine, Walk - ing close be - side thee.
 All the glo - ry be to thee, Thou hast died to save me.
 Whom have I in heaven but thee? Whom on earth be - side thee?

D. S. If I put my trust in thee, Thou wilt nev - er leave me.

CHORUS.
D. S.
 Sav - ior mine, I am thine, Thou wilt not de - ceive me,

Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 94. Coronation.

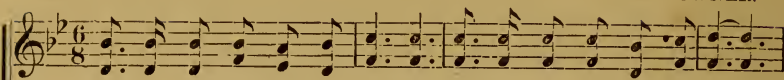
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saved you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

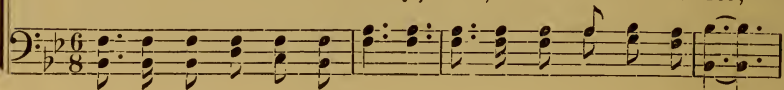
"The grace of God that bringeth salvation."—Titus 2: 11.

Mrs. C. L. S.

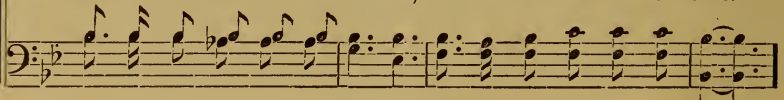
D. B. TOWNER.



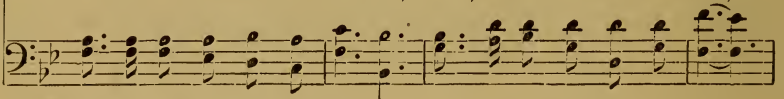
1. Rapture my bo-som is swelling, Grace, all suf - fi - cient and free,
2. Op-'ning the port-als of heav-en, Giv-ing from sin a re-lease,
3. Free to the poor and the need - y, Free to the sad and op-pressed,
4. Come to the Fountain of Mer-cy; Come, for sal - va - tion is free;



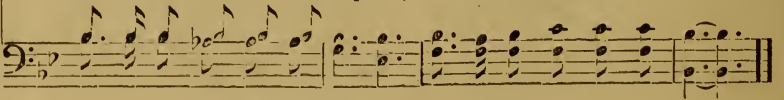
Gift, ev - ery blessing ex - cell - ing, Je - sus has of - fer - ed to me.
 Faith with its bless - ed as - sur - ance, Mer - cy, and par - don, and peace.
 Balm to the wounded in spir - it, Bring - ing the wea - ry one rest.
 List to the Sav - ior's as - surance, "Grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."

**CHORUS.**

Gift of a mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, Grace, all - suf - fi - cient and free,



Seal of the fi - nal re - demption, Je - sus has of - fer - ed to me.



No. 96.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51 · 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? }
 { Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? }
 2. { I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; }
 { Would not hearken to his calls, Grieved him by a thousand falls. }
 3. { Now in - cline me to re - pent, Let me now my sins la - ment; }
 { Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more. }

CHORUS. *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp*

{ God is love, I do believe; }
 { He is waiting to forgive, } He is waiting, waiting to for-give.

No. 97. THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an - gels hovering round, There are an - gels hovering round,
 2. They will carry the tid - ings home, They will carry the tidings home,

There are an - gels, an - gels hov - ering round.
 They will car - ry, car - ry the tid - ings home.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
- 6 There's glory all around, etc.

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—Matt. 28: 6.

THOS. KELLEY.
Moderato.

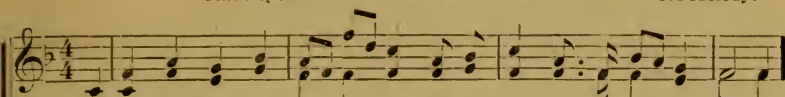
D. B. TOWNER,

1. Come, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay;
2. Je - sus triumphs! sing ye prais-es; By his death he o - ver-came!
3. Je - sus triumphs! countless legions Come from heaven to meet the King;

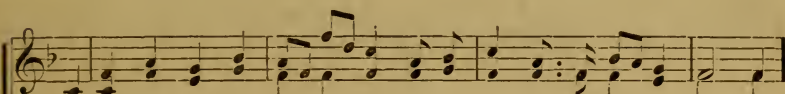
He has burst his bands asun - der; He has borne our sins a - way.
Thus the Lord his glo - ry rais - es, Thus he fills his foes with shame.
Soon in yon - der bless - ed re - gions They shall join his praise to sing.

Joy - ful tid - ings, Joy - ful tid - ings; Yes, the Lord has risen to - day.
Sing ye prais - es, Sing ye prais - es, Prais - es to the vic - tor's name.
Songs e - ter - nal, Songs e - ter - nal, Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

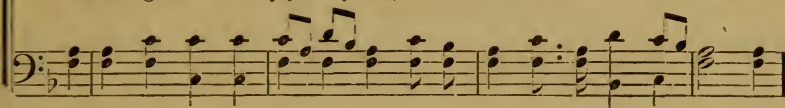
Allegro. *Adagio.*
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Christ the Lord has risen to - day.



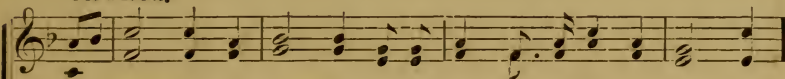
1. To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
2. If you get there be - fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
4. Then come with me, be - lov - ed friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan,



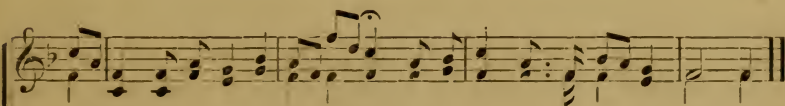
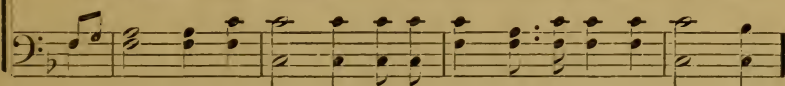
To - geth - er let us sweet - ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 And I'm resolved to fol - low on, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.



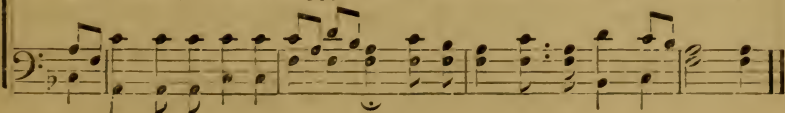
CHORUS.



Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.



Oh, Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.



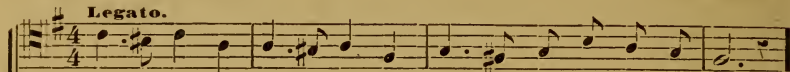
No. 100. IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID. (Male Voices.)

"Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."—Mark 6: 50.

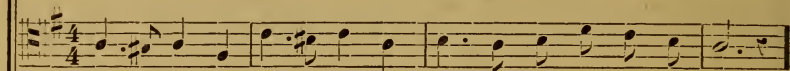
Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

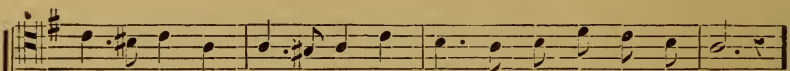
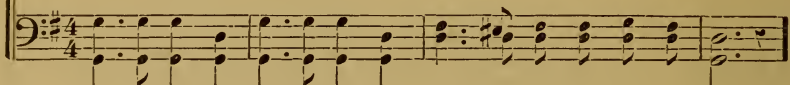
Legato.



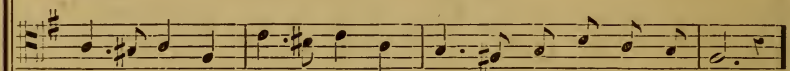
1. Lonely pilgrim, art thou weary With the bur-dens dai - ly borne?



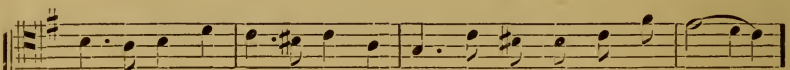
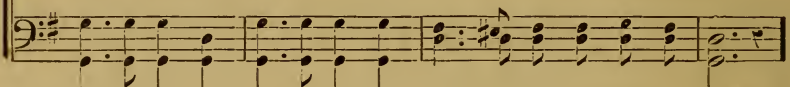
2. Tho' thy feet are oft - en bleeding From the thorns a-long the way,
3. Tho' beneath the clouds of sorrow, Let thine ar - mor brightly shine;



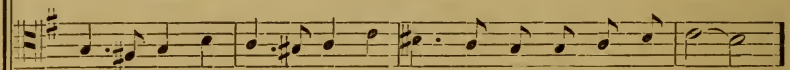
Does the way seem dark and dreary, And thy lot in life for - lorn!



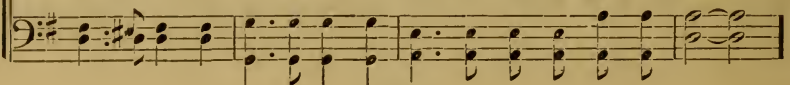
All the grace my child is needing, I will give thee day by day;
There shall dawn a glad to-mor-row For each trusting child of mine;



Gird thy breastplate close around thee, Hold it fast, the Spir-it's blade,



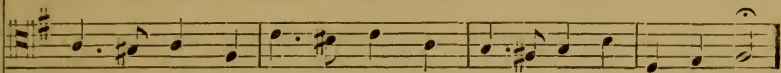
Those I love I chas-ten sore-ly, Thus to sweet-ly pu - ri - fy;
I will ev - er journey with thee, Soothe thee when with sorrows weighed;



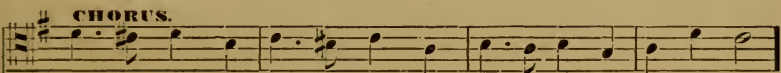
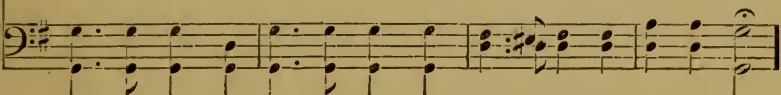
IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID. Concluded.



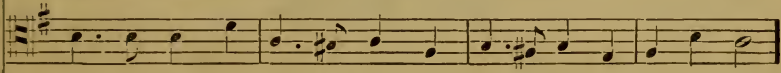
Let the shield of faith a-dorn thee: "It is I; be not a-fraid."



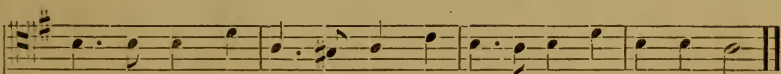
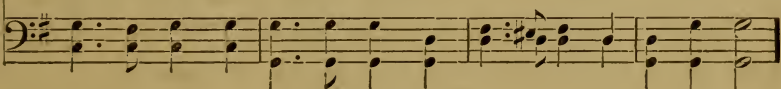
That each child be fit - ted whol - ly For the perfect house on high.
I, at last, a crown will give thee; Journey on, "be not a-fraid."



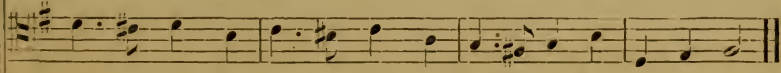
Bear thy cross in sweet sub-mis-sion, Look to me, be not dismayed,



Bear thy cross in sweet sub-mis-sion, Look to me, be not dismayed,



By and by, a glad fru - i - tion: "It is I; be not a-fraid."



By and by, a glad fru - i - tion: "It is I; be not a-fraid."



Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 101.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gent-ly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest Forever on my Sav-ior's breast.

No. 102.

HE IS CALLING.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }
 { There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than } lib - er - ty.
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; }
 { There is mercy with the Savior, There is healing } in his blood.

CHORUS.

He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 103. SAVIOR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

MARY J. MASON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - ior, who died for me, I give my - self to thee; Thy love, so
 2. But, Lord, the flesh is weak, Thy gracious aid I seek; For thou the
 3. Sav - ior, with me a - bide; Be ev - er near my side; Support, de-

full, so free, Claims all my pow'rs. Be this my purpose high, To serve thee
 word must speak That makes me strong. Then let me hear thy voice, Thou art my
 fend, and guide; I look to thee. I lay my hand in thine, And fleeting

till I die, Wheth - er my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.
 on - ly choice; Oh, bid my heart re - joice; Be thou my song.
 joys re - sign, If I may call thee mine E - ter - nal - ly.

By permission.

No. 104. Oh, for a Closer Walk. No. 105. Retreat.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place than all besides more sweet;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

No. 106. THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

REV. GEO. COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on ;

His track I see, and I'll pur sue The nar-row way, till Him I view.

D. S. The King's highway of holi - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.</p> <p>4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.</p> | <p>5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am ;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.</p> <p>6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God."</p> |
|---|--|

No. 107.

DOXOLOGY.

||: Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.:||

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power. }

D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name,

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him—
 Hear him cry before he dies.

No. 109. Nearer to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone.
 Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

No. 110. Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee:
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know;
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains;

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there do I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! oh, thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

WATTS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 ЦИО.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lea the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrightousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 113. Jesus, lover of my soul.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 114.

RATHBUN.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gathers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon the way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 115. Blest be the tie.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 116. The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

1. { Come, thou Fount of every bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mercy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of thy re-deeming love.

Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 118.

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

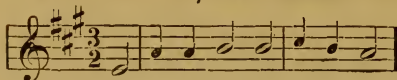
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.
 3. Oh, believe him.
 4. He is able.
 5. He is willing.
 6. He'll receive you.

7. Call upon him.
 8. He will hear you.
 9. Look unto him.
 10. He'll forgive you.
 11. Flee to Jesus.

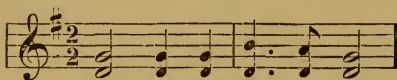
12. Only trust him.
 13. Jesus loves you.
 14. Don't reject him.
 15. I believe him.
 16. Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 119. Oh, for a Heart.



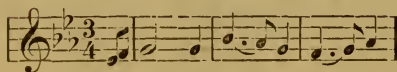
- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

No. 120. New Haven.



- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

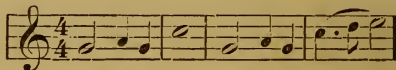
No. 121. Just as I am.



- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

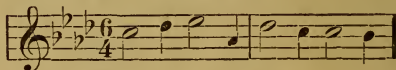
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,
- 3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 122. Sessions.



- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 123. Even Me.



- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

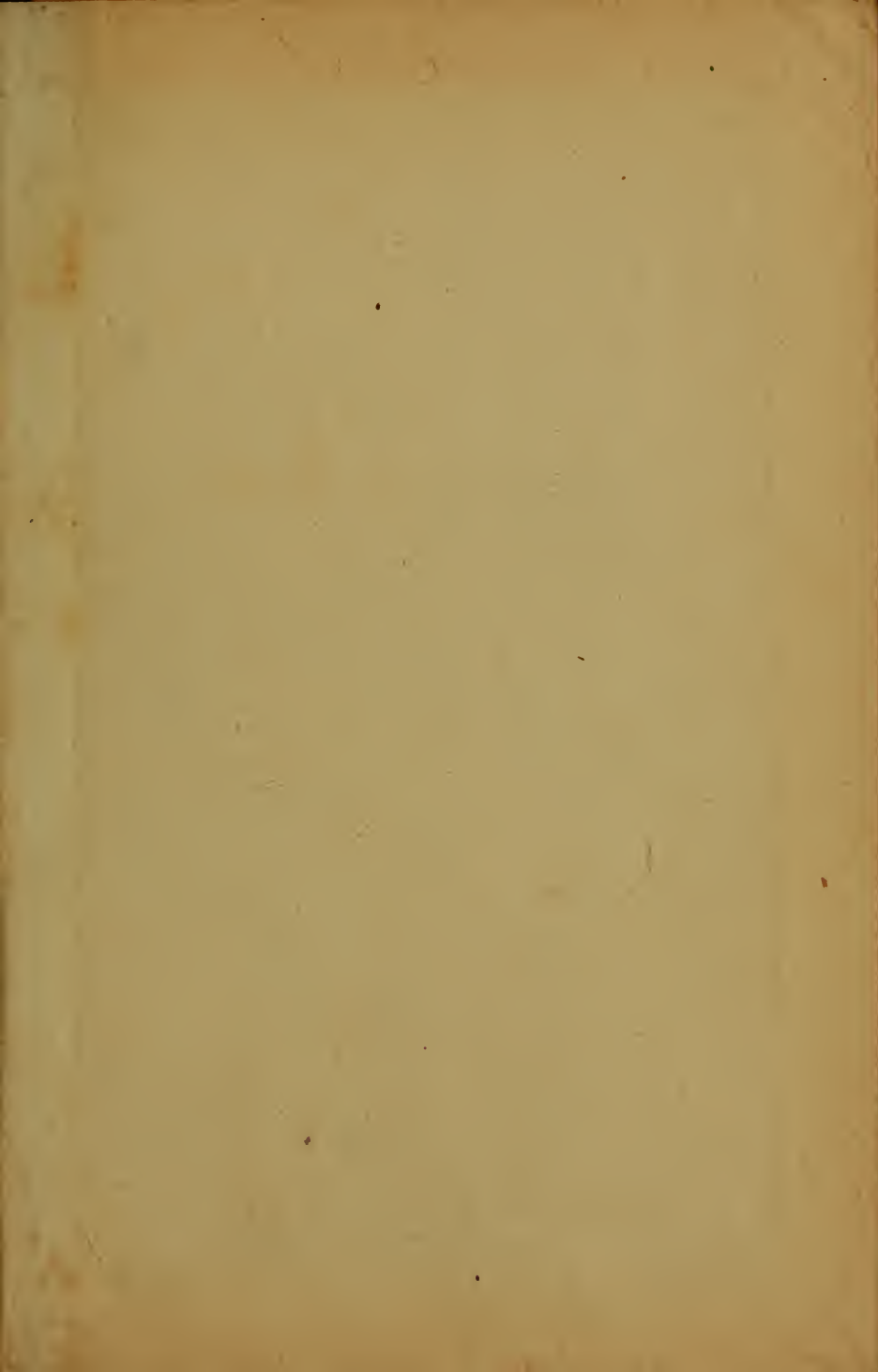
INDEX.

First lines in roman, titles in small capitals.

	NO.		NO
A BEAUTIFUL HOME.....	26	FOR YOU AND FOR ME.....	76
A FEW MORE MARCHINGS WEARY.....	72	From every stormy wind that blows.....	105
ABIDE WITH ME.....	21	FREE GRACE.....	1
Alas! and did my Savior bleed.....	112		
All that in the Lord believe.....	61	GATHER THEM IN.....	33
All hail the power of Jesus Name.....	94	GOD KNOWS IT ALL.....	86
ALL MY JOURNEY THROUGH.....	82		
All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord....	7	HAVE YOU THE GARMENT OF WHITE.....	55
ARE YOU COMING TO THE CROSS?.....	73	Have I burdens hard to bear.....	63
Are you ready for the Bridegroom?.....	22	HALLELUJAH, I AM THINE.....	67
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?.....	11	Hear, O sinner, mercy calls you.....	59
Art thou weary with transgressions?.....	18	HE IS CALLING.....	102
ARE YOU COMING TO JESUS NOW?.....	4	Herald the tidings to every soul.....	1
AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.....	90	He who once in Galilee.....	74
AVON.....	89	Heavenly Father, I would be.....	69
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	13	HIS LOVING KINDNESS.....	13
Awake, and sing the song.....	57	Holy Spirit, teacher thou.....	48
		How sad it would be.....	5
		HOW SWEET IT MUST BE TO BE THERE.....	12
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.....	14		
BRIGHT CANAAN.....	99	I am waiting for the morning.....	52
Blest be the tie that binds.....	115	I DO BELIEVE.....	112
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM..	22	I have cast all my care on Jesus.....	90
		I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.....	24
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.....	118	I have plunged beneath the flood.....	67
CAST IN THE NET.....	70	I LONG TO BE THERE.....	85
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	108	I MUST FIND CHRIST TO-DAY.....	83
Come, thou fount of every blessing.....	117	In the Cross of Christ I glory.....	114
Come, said Jesus, come apart.....	42	IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?.....	68
COME TO JESUS.....	18	I saw a wayworn traveler.....	37
COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.....	3	IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.....	100
COME, SINNER, COME.....	66	I will cling to the Cross every hour.....	20
COMING TO GATHER US HOME.....	79	I WILL COME TO HIM NOW.....	53
COME, HOLY SPIRIT.....	88	I weep no more in sadness.....	8
CORONATION.....	94		
Come, ye saints, look here and wonder... 98		JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.....	113
		Jesus graciously is calling.....	4
Dark is the world, my brother.....	44	JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.....	65
DELIVERANCE WILL COME.....	37	Jesus is pleading with my poor soul.....	9
DEPTHS OF MERCY.....	96	JESUS IS CALLING THEE.....	74
Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning? 86		JESUS LOVES ME.....	77
Do sin and guilt oppress thy soul?.....	81	JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE.....	87
		JESUS REIGNS.....	92
EVEN ME.....	123	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	106

INDEX.

	NO.		NO.
Joyful tidings.....	98	Star of my night.....	23
Joy cometh in the morning.....	50	Sun of my soul.....	101
Just as I am.....	121	Supplication.....	48
Just from the fountain.....	64		
Just a little nearer.....	69	The priceless gift.....	95
		The highway of holiness.....	106
Land ahead, its fruits are waving.....	54	The great physician.....	116
Lift me higher.....	51	The water of life.....	29
Lift up the trumpet.....	65	The fullness of Jesus.....	34
Lovest thou me.....	85	The beautiful gate.....	39
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings.....	123	The gate ajar for me.....	46
Lonely pilgrim, art thou weary?.....	100	The last call.....	59
Lord, I care not for riches.....	68	The child of a king.....	43
More faith, O Christ, in thee.....	36	The crystal fountain.....	38
Moses and the lamb.....	57	The wonderful story.....	17
My father is rich in houses and lands.....	43	The king will be there.....	6
My faith looks up to thee.....	120	The cleansing blood.....	10
		The precious blood of Jesus.....	8
Nearer home.....	49	The song of the soul.....	62
New haven.....	120	The ocean of life.....	80
Nettleton.....	117	There is joy in the thought.....	6
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	109	There'll be joy by and by.....	78
No room in heaven.....	5	There is joy.....	60
Nothing but the living water.....	25	There is a land of pure delight.....	40
Nobody knows but Jesus.....	63	There is a fountain.....	111
None of self and all of thee.....	75	There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	102
		Together let us sweetly live.....	99
O land of the purified.....	12	There are angels hovering round.....	97
Only waiting.....	52	To God I was a stranger.....	73
O for a heart to praise my God.....	119	'Tis sweet to talk of Jesus.....	19
O for a closer walk with God.....	104	Trim up your lamp, brother.....	44
O the joy! tell it out.....	29	Trusting in my Savior.....	82
O wanderer, come.....	15	Turn to the Lord.....	108
O weary, sin-sick soul.....	2		
Over there.....	45	Unto thee will I cling.....	20
Pray and earnestly plead.....	81	Waiting at the pool.....	16
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	89	Wanderer o'er life's restless ocean.....	85
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.....	107	We will pray for one another.....	28
		We're bound for the mansions of glory.....	30
Rapture my bosom is swelling.....	95	We shall meet our friends departed.....	35
Rathburn.....	114	We shall reach the riverside.....	27
Rest awhile.....	42	We are marching to our home.....	30
Redeemed.....	47	We are out upon an ocean.....	80
Revive us again.....	7	Weeping will not save me.....	71
Retreat.....	105	We are waiting.....	41
Rest of the weary and hope of the soul.....	23	What can sweetly fill my soul?.....	25
Rock of ages.....	110	White robes in heaven.....	61
		When the toils of life are ended.....	45
Salvation is near.....	2	What a meeting that will be.....	56
Savior, take my hand.....	91	While Jesus whispers to you.....	66
Savior, who died for me.....	103	When we waken.....	84
Safe within the vale.....	54	When I survey the wondrous Cross.....	122
Sessions.....	122	Whom have I in heaven but thee?.....	93
Shall I be saved to-night?.....	9	What a friend we have in Jesus.....	31
Some sweet day.....	27	Why do you wait?.....	32



SUNDAY-SCHOOL
SINGING-BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CRANSTON & STOWE,

CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE. By JOHN R. SWENEY,
C. C. McCABE, T. C.
O'KANE, and WM. J.
KILPATRICK. 160 pages. \$30 per hundred; \$3.60 per dozen.

OUR GLAD HOSANNA. By Rev. ROBERT LOWRY and W. H.
DOANE. 192 pages. \$50 per hundred;
\$3.60 per dozen.

REDEEMER'S PRAISE. For the Sunday-school, Church and
Family. By T. C. O'KANE. 100 pp.
\$25 per hundred; \$3.00 per dozen.

JOY TO THE WORLD; Or, Sacred Songs for Gospel Meet-
ings. By T. C. O'KANE, C. C. Mc-
CABE, and J. R. SWENEY. 128 pp.
Board and Cloth Covers. Board, \$20 per hundred; \$2.50 per dozen.
Cloth, \$24 per hundred; \$3.00 per dozen.

JASPER AND GOLD. A Choice Collection of Song-Gems
for Sunday-schools, Social Meetings,
etc. By T. C. O'KANE. 160 pages.
\$25 per hundred; \$3.00 per dozen.



FOR CHOIRS.

SELECT ANTHEMS. By T. C. O'KANE. 80 pages of Choice
Music. Boards, \$4.00 per dozen; Staff
Paper, \$3.00 per dozen.

Specimen Copy of either of the above books sent,
post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Address

CRANSTON & STOWE,

CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.